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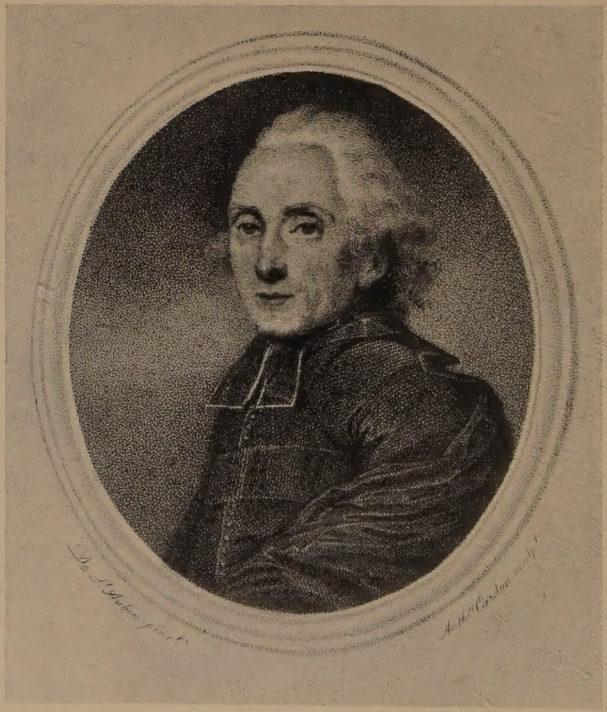
LATER ESSAYS

1917–1920

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Four Frenchwomen, 1890.
Eighteenth-Century Vignettes, 3 series, 1892–96.
A Paladin of Philanthropy, &c. 1899.
Side-Walk Studies, 1902.
Old Kensington Palace, &c., 1910.
At Prior Park, &c., 1912.
Rosalba's Journal, &c., 1915.

Also Lives of Hogarth Fielding, Steele, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, Richardson and Fanny Burney.



THE ABBÉ EDGEWORTH.

(1745–1807.)

LATER ESSAYS

1917—1920

BY

AUSTIN DOBSON 1840-1921.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS, as will be seen from the list at the back of the bastard title, adds a tenth volume to the writer's Studies, mainly in the Eighteenth Century. The essays forming the present instalment appeared in the *National Review* between September, 1917, and July, 1920, and are here reprinted under the standing permission of the Editor. A few items have, however, been added to the closing Causerie. Of these, 'Johnsoniana' and 'Re-reading' originally came out in *The Book Monthly*; but 'An Old Magazine' and 'By Way of Preface' are now published for the first time.

The frontispiece has been reproduced by Mr. Emery Walker from the portrait of the Abbé Edgeworth made use of for Sneyd Edgeworth's *Memoirs* of 1815. It was engraved in stipple by Anthony Cardon and is inscribed 'De St. Aubyn pinxt.'

AUSTIN DOBSON.

EALING,
December, 1920.

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EDWARDS'S 'CANONS OF CRITICISM'

Pope, in a letter to Caryll, speaks of having pictures of Dryden, Milton, Shakespeare, &c., hung about his room, 'that the constant remembrance of them may keep him always humble'. To what extent this mental antiseptic protected him when in 1721–5 he was editing the last-named poet is unrecorded; but it certainly did not in any way influence the successor and collaborator who 'revised' his work in 1747. For humility was by no means one of the prominent characteristics of the Reverend and learned William Warburton. Of all critics he was certainly the most 'robustious'; of all commentators the most dogmatic and domineering; while his controversial language can often only be described as insufferably offensive.[1] His heterogeneous erudition was admittedly enormous; but however well equipped as a fighting polemic and theologian, his literary judgement was not on a level with his pretensions. His conjectural emendations of Shakespeare are now generally discredited; but even in his own day, when the study of Shakespeare's text was still in leading-strings, there were not wanting readers independent enough to question the decrees of the self-constituted legislator whom his parasites extolled as an intellectual Colossus. One of the most vivacious of the objectors was Thomas Edwards, a barrister, of whose ironical

[1] It was of Warburton that Bolingbroke said he had no desire to 'wrestle with a chimney-sweeper' (Rogers's *Table-Talk*, 1856, p. 25).

Canons of Criticism it is now proposed to give some account. But in this particular instance there is so much more to be said of the work and its origin than of the writer himself, that it will be convenient to reverse the customary order of procedure and begin with the book. And this course is the more excusable because the scanty facts of Edwards's career chiefly concern his closing years.

In 1747, when, as already stated, Warburton issued his eight-volume edition of *The Works of Shakespear*, he had but four predecessors in the editorial field—Rowe, Pope, Theobald, and Hanmer. First, in 1709, had come Nicholas Rowe, the playwright and Poet Laureate, with the earliest attempt at a biography. This, the standard eighteenth-century life, opportunely garnered much floating tradition; but Rowe did little or nothing for the rectification of the text. To him, in 1725, succeeded Pope, more literary, but less practically equipped in stage-craft and in what he contemptuously called 'the dull duty of an Editor'. As might be expected, his 'Preface', full no doubt of good things, is the most memorable part of his performance. His notes, however, were sharply criticized by a lesser man, Lewis Theobald, the typical 'Codrus' of English verse, so 'distressed' as to be traditionally perpetuated in Hogarth's 'sky-parlour',[1] yet withal scholar and critic enough to earn for himself a vindictive pre-eminence in the *Dunciad* as the predecessor of Colley Cibber. It was Theobald whose 'lucky guessing'—that 'lucky guessing' which Jane Austen held has 'always some talent in it'—by its substitution of 'a' babbled of green fields' for the old version, 'a table of green fields,' shed parting radiance on the lifelike death-

[1] The 'Distressed Poet' is supposed to represent Theobald.

bed of Falstaff; and this was by no means Theobald's only palpable hit. Moreover, it is to 'poor Tibb's' credit that he endeavoured to interpret his author's text not so much by an eighteenth-century standard as by the current speech—'the obsolete and uncommon phrases'—of that author's contemporaries. Theobald was the third of Warburton's predecessors. The fourth (1743–4) was Sir Thomas Hanmer of Mildenhall, near Newmarket in Suffolk, a cultivated country gentleman, who had been a dignified and respected Speaker of the House of Commons. As an editor he seems to have held Goldsmith's rule that the best commentator is common sense; and, for the rest, to have relied on the typography of the Clarendon Press and the artful aid of Frank Hayman's weedy designs, as translated by the 'sculptures' of Gravelot. Then, at length, thoughtfully trumpeted beforehand in volume ix of Birch's *General Dictionary* and *The History of the Works of the Learned*, came the announcement of 'a more complete and accurate edition' from the Rev. William Warburton. At the date of publication, May 1747,[1] Warburton had not been long married to Miss Gertrude Tucker, the niece of Ralph Allen of Prior Park, and had recently been appointed to the preachership of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, an office which had been procured for him by 'silver-tongued' Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. But he was already famous as the author of the never-completed *Divine Legation of Moses*, and had established himself in the affection of Pope by his

[1] *The Works of Shakespear*. By Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Warburton*, in 8 vols. 8vo, price £2 8*s*. (*Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1747, xvii. 252). The title further professed to give the 'Genuine Text' as 'restored from the *Blunders* of the first Editors, and the *Interpolations* of the two Last' (i.e. Theobald and Hanmer).

adroit vindication of the nebulous orthodoxy of the *Essay on Man*—a work which, by the way, he had formerly assailed.[1] As a natural consequence of this new alliance, Pope's labours on Shakespeare had assumed an exaggerated value in his eyes, and on his title-page he figured as Pope's coadjutor. But when, in 1747, the joint result at last appeared, Pope was dead.

So also, for the matter of that, were Hanmer and Theobald, though—to do Warburton justice—there is no reason for supposing that their presence or absence on this planet would have prevented him from abusing them to the full of his bent. This he proceeded to do in his 'Preface'. Both of them, if we are to believe him, had made unwarrantable use of *his* material: 'The One [Theobald] was recommended to me as a poor Man; the Other [Hanmer] as a poor Critic: and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of Observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the Relief of their several Distresses. As to Mr. *Theobald*, who wanted Money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own Advantage: and he allowed himself in the Liberty of taking one Part for his own, and sequestering another for the Benefit, as I supposed, of some future Edition. But, as to the *Oxford Editor* [Hanmer], who wanted nothing but what he might very well be without, the Reputation of a Critic, I could not so easily forgive him for trafficking with my Papers without my Knowledge; and, when that Project fail'd, for employing a number of my Conjectures in his Edition against my expressed Desire not to have that Honour done unto me.'

There is more to the same effect; but seeing that

[1] Prior's *Life of Malone*, 1860, pp. 430–1.

Warburton's own biographer candidly confesses that 'these passages contain much, we fear, that is disingenuous, not to say false',[1] it is only waste of time to discuss them; and although it is plain that Warburton had personal relations with both Theobald and Hanmer, it is hopeless, at this date, to decide exactly how much he lent to, or borrowed from, either of them.[2] But—at the risk of anticipating—it is instructive to contrast here with Warburton's malevolent and skilfully generalized indictment of his forerunners, honest old Johnson's treatment of Warburton himself when, eighteen years later, Warburton, in his turn, came up for judgement as a Shakespeare commentator. It is true that Warburton was alive when Johnson wrote; and that, with Voltaire, Johnson rightly recognized the obligation of 'tenderness to living reputation'. He also respected Warburton's extraordinary learning. 'The table is always full, Sir,' he said of the miscellaneous bill of fare provided in the *Divine Legation*. 'He brings things from the north and the south, and from every quarter.' And he also cherished a praiseworthy gratitude to Warburton for a commendatory word respecting some of his own tentative and unfriended efforts in Shakespeare criticism.[3] But, although, for these reasons, his deliverance is perhaps a trifle laboured, especially when compared with the weighty passages on editorial futility by which it is succeeded, these considerations did not prevent him from writing what must always be regarded as the last word on

[1] Watson's *Life of Warburton*, 1863, pp. 300–1.

[2] 'Such improvements as he [Warburton] introduced are mainly borrowed from Theobald and Hanmer' (*Life of Shakespeare*, by Sir Sidney Lee, 1898, p. 318).

[3] *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth*, 1745.

Warburton's *Shakespear*: 'The original and predominant errour of his [Warburton's] commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just; and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious. Of his notes I have commonly rejected those against which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns and which, I suppose, the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgement of the reader, as doubtful, though specious, and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.'[1]

This restrained, and even indulgent judgement would probably at no time have satisfied the inordinate vanity of Warburton, least of all when, in 1765, he first read it in type, having in the interim shouldered his way through various preferments to the Bishopric of Gloucester; and, presumably, long since spent the five hundred pounds (more than Johnson or Pope received) which he had extracted from Tonson for the copyright.

[1] Johnson's *Works*, 1810, ii. 177–8.

With commendable prudence, he said nothing in public; but he grumbled in writing to his henchman Hurd and another correspondent about the 'folly' and 'malignity' of 'this Johnson' who had ventured to question his authority as a Shakespeare commentator. Of course, by this time, Johnson's praise or dispraise could matter little to Warburton, whose 'chimerical conceits' (the phrase is Malone's) had already been sufficiently exposed by humbler men. One of these was Dr. Zachary Grey, the superabundant notes to whose edition of Butler's *Hudibras* Warburton had characterized as an 'execrable heap of nonsense', though he himself had contributed to them. Another was John Upton, later the editor of Spenser, who, with special reference to Warburton, put forth a series of *Observations on Shakespeare.* But the most memorable of the group was Thomas Edwards, to whom we owe *The Canons of Criticism.*

Although there is a legend that Edwards had once met Warburton in Allen's library at Prior Park, and had successfully confuted him (before his wife) about a passage from a Greek author, concerning which Warburton had manifestly relied on a French translation, there is no ground for supposing that Edwards was actuated by any hostile feeling. In fact, not long after the *Canons* had appeared, he wrote that he did not know Warburton personally, which, even if there were not other discrepancies, would be fatal to the story. Edwards was not a professed critic; indeed, as far as we are aware, though liberally educated, he had never been either at a public school or a university. But he was a natural scholar, devoted in particular to Spenser, Milton, and Shakespeare, whom he had studied in order to comprehend their meaning rather than

to write about them. Warburton's fantastic and needless variations honestly roused in him that righteous indignation—the 'noble anger' of King Lear—which Bishop Butler has declared to be 'not only innocent, but a generous movement of mind'. And Warburton, in his full-blown arrogance, had afforded him an excellent opportunity for retort—nay, had even indicated the very form it should take. He had once intended—his 'Preface' loftily announced—to have given his readers 'a body of Canons, for literal Criticism', drawn out in form; as well such as concern the art in general as those that arise from the nature and circumstances of the author's works in particular; but these uses—he complacently added—might be well supplied by what he had occasionally said on the subject in the course of his remarks. He had also designed to give 'a general alphabetic *Glossary*' of peculiar terms; but as those were explained in their proper places, there seemed the less occasion for such an 'Index'. There could be no more inviting provocation to the profane than this pronouncement, and Edwards availed himself of it. He forthwith set to work to frame a burlesque code of Canons, deduced directly from Warburton's notes, with illustrations drawn from that writer's emendations. To these he subjoined a Glossary based—of course from his own point of view—on Warburton's indications. His essay, first issued in April 1748, by M. Cooper of Paternoster Row, as a shilling pamphlet,[1] was advertised as a Supplement to Mr. Warburton's Edition of Shakespear 'collected from the Notes

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1748 (xviii. 192). The date satisfactorily disposes of the allegation that Edwards had hindered the sale of Warburton's book, since that book had appeared nearly a twelvemonth earlier (*Canons of Criticism*, 3rd ed., 1750, p. 10)

in that celebrated Work, and proper to be bound up with it'—the authorship being ascribed to a 'Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn'. Later issues changed the title to *The Canons of Criticism and Glossary, &c.*

It would be superfluous to reprint the twenty-five Canons which Edwards prefixed to his pamphlet, as they are all much on the same lines; but a few may be reproduced as specimens. No. I runs:

A Professed Critic has a right to declare, that his Author *wrote* whatever He thinks he *ought* to have written; with as much positiveness, as if He had been at his Elbow.

No. II. He has a right to alter any passage which He does not understand.

No. IV. Where he does not like an expression, and yet cannot mend it; He may abuse his Author for it.

No. V. Or He may condemn it, as a foolish interpolation.

No. VII. He may find out obsolete words, or coin new ones; and put them in the place of such, as He does not like, or does not understand.

No. IX. He may interpret his Author so; as to make him mean directly contrary to what He says.

These are some only of the *Canons*, but a small handsel will suffice. To borrow the memorable words of Captain Cuttle's oracular friend, 'The bearing of these observations lays in the application on them' rather than in any gnomic neatness they possess; and this application Edwards goes on to supply with considerable gusto. In this respect one may draw on him more liberally. Some of the examples he adduces are certainly marvels of editorial ineptitude. Thus when Othello (Act III,

sc. iii) speaks of ' the ear-piercing fife ' (now almost as ancient a friend as the journalistic ' welkin '), Warburton would substitute ' th' fear-'spersing fife ', on the unaccountable ground that ' piercing the ear is not *an effect on the hearers* '. His own ear must have been lamentably at fault since, in another place, he proposes to read, for the ' Whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death ' of 1 *Henry VI*, Act III, sc. iv, the unspeakable ' Whoso draws a sword i' th' presence 't's death '—a line which, if we fail to follow Edwards in thinking that it seems ' penned for Cadmus when in the state of a serpent ', certainly proves that the ' Professed Critic ', with the modern parodist, liked

> to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
> As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur.[1]

Another entirely unnecessary alteration is where the Fool in *King Lear* says (Act III, sc. ii) : ' I'll speak a prophecy, *or* e'er I go.' This Warburton, on the pitiful pretence that ' *or e'er I go* is not English ', amends into : ' I'll speak a proph'cy, *or two*, e'er I go.' It is not necessary, at present, to give, as Edwards does, and mostly from the Bible, a page of illustrations defending the use of the locution ' or e'er '. It may, however, be urged, perhaps not unreasonably, that Warburton's emendations are more than a hundred and seventy years old ; and that he wrote before Bartlett's and Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's indispensable *Concordances*, to say nothing of the glossaries of Dyce and his successors.[2] And there is something, too, in Warburton's complaint to a sympathetic friend that ' to discover the corruption in an author's text,

[1] Calverley's *Fly Leaves*, 2nd ed., 1872, p. 113.

[2] E. g. the excellent *Shakespeare Glossary* of Mr. C. T. Onions, 1911.

and by a happy sagacity to restore it to sense, is no easy task: and when the discovery is made, then to cavil at the conjecture, to propose an equivalent, and defend nonsense, by producing out of the thick darkness it occasions a weak and faint glimmering of sense . . . is the easiest, as well as dullest, of all literary efforts'.[1] That is so, unquestionably, when, in both cases, the result is naught. Who, however, would seek to better 'a' babbled of green fields'! Here, in truth, the critic is 'on a level with the author'. But where is the 'happy sagacity'—the *curiosa felicitas*—of Warburton's 'enlard' for 'enlarge'[2] in the 'and doth enlarge his rising' (2 *Henry IV*, Act I, sc. i), a perfectly legitimate alternative for 'increase his army'. Or where again is the necessity for converting '*denier*' into '*tanière*' in 'My dukedom to a beggarly denier' (*Richard III*, Act I, sc. ii), odds—it may be noted in passing—as intelligibly extreme as the eighteenth-century 'All Lombard Street to a China orange'. '*Denier*' is the twelfth part of a *sou*; but '*tanière*', even if, as Warburton says, it may be taken to mean 'a hut or cave' (which is by no means its ordinary signification), is a suggestion so far-fetched as scarcely to be worth the carriage. But perhaps the most astounding of Warburton's amendments is his correction of the much-discussed couplet in Amiens's song (*As You Like It*, Act II, sc. vii):

> Thy tooth is not so keen,
> Because thou art not seen.

Warburton holds that '*Without doubt*, Shakespeare wrote "Because thou art not sheen"' (obsolete

[1] *Letters from a late Eminent Prelate*, 2nd ed., 1809, p. 368.

[2] Shakespeare himself uses 'enlard' in its sense of 'fatten' in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II, sc. iii.

for 'shining'). This is more than 'midsummer madness', it is sheer academic amentia,[1] and instead of making matters clearer, serves solely to obscure what is obvious.

These illustrations might easily be extended by going farther afield. But, at this time of the day, it is not necessary to prove Warburton's self-sufficient perversity up to the hilt. One of the blunders which aroused the mirth of Edwards, and the discovery of which disturbed his victim much as a *banderilla* might be supposed to irritate a bull, was, it is possible, no more than an error of the press, though a most inconvenient one. In referring to Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*, a Shakespearean source, Pope had used the contraction, '*Dec.* 8, *Nov.* 5,' which Warburton's over-zealous printer had amplified into 'December 8, November 5', whereas, if expanded at all, it should have been '*Decade* 8, *Novel* 5'; and matters were not improved when, to Warburton's angry retort, Edwards gleefully rejoined that a mistake of the same kind had been made in speaking of a quotation from the *Faerie Queene*. There is, however, no lack of real aberration in Warburton's notes; and if our object were to do more than justify the protests of Edwards, it would, as we have said, be easy to 'enlard' the schedule. What, for instance, could be the possible good of discussing the following senseless comment on the 'prayers from preserved souls' of *Measure for Measure* (Act II, sc. ii)—'The metaphor is taken from fruits, *preserved* in sugar'? Or, from examples under Canon II: 'He [the Critic] has

[1] The most intelligible variation is Staunton's 'Because thou art foreseen'. Surely, however, no revision is required. One need not 'swear to the truth of a song'—even by Shakespeare.

a right to alter any passage which He does not understand,' the following, 'The *Fixure* of her eye has motion in 't' (*Winter's Tale*, Act V, sc. iii, where Hermione is personating a statue)? Says Warburton: 'This is sad nonsense. We should read "The *Fissure* of her eye", *i. e.*—the Socket'—a suggestion which might have come from the Damasippus of Horace. It is sufficient to say that fissure means a 'split' and not a 'socket', while 'fixure' is good Shakespearean for 'fixedness'. This trick of replacing Shakespeare's word by another that resembles it, is part of Warburton's *modus operandi*, though he may have caught the device from the 'babbled' for 'table' of Theobald. Thus, he puts, not only 'sheen' for 'seen', but 'wing' for 'sing', 'hymn' for 'him', 'mew' for 'few', 'blending' for 'bending', 'hallows' for 'allows', 'tallies' for 'dallies', 'vowels' for 'bowels', and so forth—variations which, in every case, serve simply to support Johnson's preference for the older readings, and enforce his position that conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, should not be 'wantonly nor licentiously indulged'.[1] Warburton's notes are, in truth, a lucky-bag of lapses, into which one may plunge anywhere with the certitude of finding something to rival that real, or imagined, pedagogue (from Boeotia) who proposed, in lieu of the authorized version, to read 'stones in the running brooks, Sermons in books'; [2] or that other egregious wiseacre, fabled by Mr. Punch, who made the remarkable discovery that

[1] Of course, Warburton—as Johnson says—sometimes scores. But his failures are far more frequent than his successes; and it is with his failures that Edwards is concerned.

[2] This, I learn, is wrong. The emendation is said to have really originated with a too literal type-setter.

Yorick was Hamlet's father because, in handling Yorick's skull, Hamlet said 'Pah!'

To give an idea of Warburton's anger and astonishment at the onslaught of Edwards would require a string of those preparatory similes which Fielding employs so effectively to introduce a thunderbolt. Warburton had no doubt counted on unqualified approbation; or, at the worst (if there could be a worst!), on the conventional homage usually accorded to eminent personages who take up unfamiliar tasks under pretence of pastime. But that the author of the *Divine Legation* should be 'scotched and notched like a *carbonado*'[1] by a nameless nobody—a mere Inns of Court amateur—was a thing to make angels weep. His indignation was irrepressible; and he exhibited his resentment in the most unworshipful manner. Public reply was, of course, out of the question—probably he felt that Edwards was far too 'cunning of fence'. But he poured contempt on him privately in all companies; and, as opportunity offered, inserted spiteful and irrelevant passages about him in the notes to Pope on which he was engaged. In the *Essay on Criticism*, referring to Edwards by name, he spoke of him disdainfully as a critic having neither parts nor learning, a 'Fungoso'[2] of Lincoln's Inn; and in the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, taking advantage of Pope's line about the children of Dullness:

Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court

[1] Warburton's definition of 'carbonado', after Pope, is perversely characteristic. He says it should be 'carbinado', and that 'carbinadoed' means marked with wounds made by a carabine!

[2] 'Fungoso' is one of the characters in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour*. Pope mentioned him in the *Essay on Criticism*.

(a line which had assuredly no connexion whatever with Edwards), he delivered himself of a scurrilous, and, at this date, rather unintelligible tirade against his adversary, on whose birth and social status he cast invidious reflections, and further stigmatized him as a 'Mushroom', a 'Caliban' for politeness, a 'Grub street critic run to seed'—and so forth, all of which, in an ecclesiastic of eminence occupying the pulpit of Ussher and Tillotson, was most discreditable and deplorable.

Edwards, who had been quietly amplifying his evidence for enlarged editions of the *Canons*, was moved by these things to abandon his anonymity; and he did so in the later issues. He was manifestly wounded by the attempt to 'degrade him of his gentility', though he did not condescend (as he might have done) to retort specifically to Warburton in this respect. But he naturally, and successfully, vindicated his right, equally with Warburton, to study Shakespeare, if he pleased; and to laugh, if he chose, at 'unscholar-like blunders', 'crude and far-fetched conceits,' and 'illiberal and indecent reflections', if they were 'put-off upon the world as a standard of true criticism'. Finally, he quoted Scaliger with crushing effect. 'If,' says he, 'a person's learning is to be judged of by his reading, nobody can deny Eusebius the character of a learned man; but if he is to be esteemed learned, who has shown judgement together with his reading, Eusebius is not such.' Here he certainly hits Warburton 'i' the clout'. At the same time he dedicated his book to Warburton as the person with whom it had originated; and he thanked him ironically for the 'civil treatment, so becoming a Gentleman and a Clergyman', which he had received at his hands.

Edwards, during the rest of his life, continued to swell the bill against Warburton by further additions to the *Canons*, in many of which he was assisted by a friend, Mr. Richard Roderick, F.S.A. and F.R.S., a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and a son of the Master. In the contest with Warburton, Edwards had unquestionably the best of the battle. He was on the right side, and Warburton on the wrong. The labours of Edwards have now no doubt been surpassed by later students with larger facilities and ampler resources. But 'Warburton on Shakespeare' (like 'Lauder on Milton' in Hogarth's *Beer Street*) must have long since travelled irretrievably to 'Mr. *Pastem*, the trunk-maker, in St. *Paul's* Church-yard', while Warton prophesied truly when he said that the great man's 'attacks on Mr. Edwards were not of sufficient weight to weaken the effects of his excellent *Canons of Criticism*', which he also characterized as 'allowed by all impartial critics to have been decisive and judicious'. Walpole, too, who frequently contrives to be on the side of posterity, wrote to Zouch that Warburton's 'preposterous notes . . . would have died of their own folly, though Mr. Edwards had not put them to death with the keenest wit in the world'. And Akenside (who had his own quarrel with the 'tongue-doughty Pedant') went further still in his enthusiasm. He addressed an ode to Edwards, in which the 'Swan of Avon' himself is made to thank his apologist personally for clearing his tomb of Warburton's 'conceits'.

The sixth edition of the *Canons* was published by Bathurst in 1758, after Edwards's death. Besides including 'Remarks on Shakespear' by Roderick,[1]

[1] Roderick was also a rhymer, and preceded Edwards in Dodsley with, *inter alia*, a translation of Lope de Vega's sonnet on sonnet-writing.

who had died in August 1756, it comprises all Edwards's acknowledged literary remains. These consist of a little orthographical paper entitled 'An Account of the Trial of the letter ϒ, alias Y', and a number of sonnets, thirteen of which had already appeared in the second volume of Dodsley's *Collection*. Their interest lies less in their matter than in their form; and the more ambitious of them—namely, those concerned with Shakespeare, Spenser, and Warburton—might be strengthened by a dash of Dryden's direct vocabulary. The prevailing note is reflective and domestic. But they deserve consideration on account of their technical excellence. All but four of them are on the Italian model, to which Edwards's attention had been directed by a friend, Daniel Wray, the titular recipient of two of them; and the conjectural date of their composition, 1745–57, entitles them, if only as a sustained effort, to a prominent place in the mid-eighteenth-century revival of the Miltonic sonnet. In fact, their only serious competitors are Gray's isolated essay in this way on the death of Richard West, written at Stoke in 1742, and that of Benjamin Stillingfleet to Dr. John Williamson,[1] which Todd in his Milton dates 1746. But one of Edwards's sonnets, which can scarcely have been the first, is addressed to Lyttelton on his *Conversion of St. Paul*, published in November 1747. On the other hand, Gray's beautiful poem, as—with all due deference to Wordsworth—we must continue to regard it, is not strictly Miltonic in structure, while those of

[1] Dr. Williamson (d. 1763) was chaplain to the English Factory at Lisbon, where Fielding met him in 1754 and spoke very highly of his abilities; but from Stillingfleet's sonnet, he seems to have never fulfilled the expectations of his friends. His papers perished in the Lisbon earthquake.

Edwards and his ' blue-stocking ' competitor rigorously play the game.

This brings us at last to the scanty particulars of Edwards's life, the most authoritative of which are derived from the publisher's ' Advertisement ' prefixed to the sixth edition of the *Canons*. He was born in 1699. He was still a young man when, by his father's death, he inherited a ' small estate ' of 143 acres at Pitshanger (Pitch-hanger on the old maps), a manor, or manor-farm, in the parish of Ealing, Middlesex. He is said to have received a ' liberal Education ', and, like his father and grandfather, became a barrister, entering in 1721 at Lincoln's Inn. From No. v of his sonnets, ' On a Family-Picture,' we learn he had four brothers and four sisters, all of whom died before him, leaving him, in his own words, ' Single, unpropp'd, and nodding to my fall '. ' Single ' here, probably, means no more than ' solitary ' ; but he never married, though another sonnet clearly indicates an ' Amoret ', either disdainful or deceased. Nor did he ever seriously practise the law; but devoted himself to literature and the cultivation of his property. Until 1740 he lived chiefly at Pitshanger ; but in that year he moved permanently to Turrick (now Terrick), an estate near Ellesborough in Buckinghamshire, where he resided until his death in 1757. His constitution, as may be inferred from the mortality in his family, cannot have been strong, and apparently unfitted him for anything but the ' retirement's unambitious shade ' which he desiderated and attained.

But though he professed to live the life of a recluse, his sonnets prove that he had a sufficient circle of friends. Some of his efforts, those, for example, to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke and

Archbishop Herring, were no doubt merely votive and complimentary; others imply closer relations. Daniel Wray, for example, he had known from childhood, and Wray must have been a notable man. He was not only the Deputy Teller of the Exchequer to Philip Yorke, later second Earl of Hardwicke, but he was a learned archaeologist who became a Trustee of the British Museum. What is more, he was one of the contributors to those famous *Athenian Letters* of 1741–3, which were once regarded as the best existing commentary on Thucydides.[1] And Edwards seems to have known several of the other contributors. Charles Yorke, Philip's brilliant younger brother, whom he apostrophizes familiarly as 'Charles' in Sonnet xv, wrote the 'Preface' to the work; and Edwards addresses sonnets to three others of the company—to Philip Yorke himself, to the Rev. J. Lawry, and Dr. William Heberden, the *ultimus Romanorum* of Johnson and the 'virtuous and faithful HEBERDEN' of Cowper. For Heberden, also Richardson's doctor, Edwards had a sincere affection. Heberden it was, he says, who caused him to exchange the 'crouded Town' and the valley of the Brent for the 'purer air' of the Chiltern Hills. It is possible, also, that Sonnet xlii, 'To Miss ——,' discreetly veils the shrinking delicacy of Miss Catherine Talbot, the bosom friend of Eliza Carter of Deal, afterwards the translator of Epictetus. For Miss Talbot, young as she was in 1740, was one of the Athenian correspondents.

Another of Edwards's friends of long standing was Richard Owen Cambridge, Walpole's 'Cambridge the Everything'. Cambridge had been born in 1717, and entered at Lincoln's Inn in 1737.

[1] See *post*, p. 38.

Edwards often visited him in his Gloucester home, at Wheatenhurst on the Stroud, a tributary of the Severn; and Sonnet i refers specifically to his participation in those *promenades en bateau* on 'Sabrina's flood', which were Cambridge's hobby and delight. Edwards must frequently have taken a seat in the great pleasure-boat after the Venetian pattern, painted with Samuel Scott's panels, and carrying thirty cabin passengers; or adventured in those more perilous craft which his host had modelled on the fragile *proas* Anson had sought to introduce from the Malay archipelago. One of Cambridge's associates, who had lived on the same staircase with him at Lincoln's Inn, was the parodist Isaac Hawkins Browne. Browne, too, was doubtless of these water parties; and in any case must have been known to Edwards, since Edwards devotes two sonnets to him, Nos. xvi and xvii. In the former he acknowledges Browne's influence on his own versification; in the latter he invites him to return to his 'native language', a transparent reference to the lengthy Latin poem by Browne on the Immortality of the Soul, an English translation of which by Soame Jenyns appears in Dodsley's sixth volume. Browne's parodies and some miscellaneous pieces had already figured in volume ii, where, also, he had written an ode to Charles Yorke. Of yet another friend of Edwards there are definite indications, since he sends him, with No. xlv, a batch of sonnets. This was Arthur Onslow, the genial and cultivated Speaker of the House of Commons from 1728 to 1761. At Imber or Ember Court, a pleasant country seat near Thames Ditton, with the Mole running through its grounds, Onslow was wont to draw about him a host of sympathetic or lettered guests. Edwards's Sonnet xxviii is

addressed to his son George, afterwards first Earl of Onslow.

One of the visitors at Imber Court was Samuel Richardson, formerly an 'obscure man', who, as he boasted at Bath, was eventually 'admitted to the company of the first characters in the Kingdom'. When he made the acquaintance of Edwards is uncertain; but the correspondence between them—or at least that portion of it which is printed by Mrs. Barbauld [1]—extends over the last eight years of Edwards's life and is the main authority for the remaining facts of his biography. In January 1749 Edwards had evidently visited Richardson at North End, Fulham, and addressed to him an ecstatic appreciation of *Clarissa*, the three final volumes of which had not been long issued. A year later he also sent him a laudatory sonnet on the same theme, which its delighted recipient speedily set up in type, and a copy was forthwith dispatched by Edwards to Onslow, to go under Richardson's portrait. As the sonnet is unimpeachable in form, and no worse for its recollection, in the opening quatrain, of the quotation from Horace with which Fielding had greeted *Clarissa* in No. 5 of the *Jacobite's Journal*,[2] it may here (despite the obscuring inversion of line 5) serve for a taste of Edwards's quality as a sonnet writer:

O Master of the heart, whose magic skill
The close recesses of the Soul can find,
Can rouse, becalm, and terrifie the mind,
Now melt with pity, now with anguish thrill,

[1] *Corr. of Richardson*, 1804, iii. 1–137.

[2] Pectus inaniter angit,
irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
ut magus.
Hor. *Epp.* ii. 1. 211–3.

Thy moral page while virtuous precepts fill,
Warm from the heart, to mend the Age design'd,
Wit, strength, truth, decency, are all conjoin'd
To lead our Youth to Good, and guard from Ill.

O long enjoy, what thou so well hast won,
The grateful tribute of each honest heart
Sincere, nor hackney'd in the ways of men ;
At each distressful stroke their true tears run,
And Nature, unsophisticate by Art,
Owns and applauds the labors of thy pen.

Edwards must at once have been made free of the North End consistory of 'Muses and Graces', for in the second letter printed by Mrs. Barbauld, he has already become acquainted with two of Richardson's 'high-life' touchstones, Mrs. Delany's clever Irish friend, Miss Anne Donnellan, and Miss Sutton. (The latter was apparently a little 'difficult', as her father, Sir Robert Sutton, had been Warburton's earliest patron.) He had also visited Miss Hester (or Hecky) Mulso, in later years Mrs. Chapone, who was already known (to her circle) as an ode-writer. She had a beautiful voice, which induced Edwards to call her 'the Linnet', and they speedily interchanged compliments in verse. The contribution of Edwards is Sonnet xxiv in the *Canons*. He was also 'sonnetized' by Miss Highmore, the daughter of the painter. He must have listened, in the famous North End Grotto, to the readings from *Sir Charles Grandison*, then in the making, although he does not actually figure in the little picture which the clever young lady aforesaid made of one of these *séances*. But that he was sometimes in the audience on these occasions is plain from the fact that he had the courage to remonstrate with Richardson respecting

certain injudicious utterances in Miss Harriet Byron's letters, which—needless to say—Richardson hastily expunged. Miss Susannah Highmore, it may be added, subsequently married the Rev. John Duncombe, the author of the *Feminead: or, Female Genius*,[1] a poem to which Edwards, notwithstanding his dislike to '*omne quod exit in* ad' (he must have forgotten Cambridge's *Scribleriad*!), was easily reconciled, since it not only contained portraits of those bright particular stars, Miss 'Eugenia' Highmore and Miss 'Delia' Mulso, but made complimentary reference to himself.

The Edwards–Richardson correspondence, as we have it, is not particularly fruitful in literary gossip. There are some oft-quoted outbursts, on Richardson's part, against Fielding, to which Edwards, as might be anticipated, replies in kindred vein; and there are references to Richardson's troubles with the Irish pirates, Messrs. Exshaw, Wilson, and Saunders. Richardson seems to have been anxious to induce his friend to follow up the *Canons* by some more extended critical or editorial work. He suggested that he should edit his 'ever-honoured Spenser', a new edition of whom was in contemplation. But Edwards was not to be persuaded. He knew his own limitations; and he shrank from the responsibilities of the task. His standard of editing was as high as that afterwards so amply outlined by Johnson in his Proposals of 1755; and he was as heartily sick of the hidebound Warburtons and Newtons[2] as he was of the vamped-up subscription issues of the booksellers, with their obtrusive typography and their copperplates 'made in

[1] Pearch's *Collection*, 1775, iv. 172.

[2] i.e. Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol, who edited *Paradise Lost*.

Holland '. Richardson next tried to tempt him with Pope—with a rival edition to that of Warburton. But here Edwards's objections were even stronger. Though he had formerly been actually in communication with Pope, and admired him as a poet, he did not care for him as an individual. If, as he argued, he was to take off the patches with which Warburton had tinkered the *Essay on Man*, matters would not therefore be mended. Then again (an unsurmountable reason !), Warburton had Pope's papers. In all this, it is probable that lack of authorities and opportunity had more influence than lack of ability. Editing was ' a work ', to use Edwards's own words, ' not to be done with a wet finger.' And it is obvious from his later letters that his health was steadily failing. He died, aged fifty-eight, after a short illness, on January 3, 1757, when visiting Richardson at Parson's Green ; and he was buried in Ellesborough churchyard under a lengthy epitaph by his nephews and heirs. One of his last sonnets was addressed to the sexton of the parish, whom he adjured to guard his ' monumental hillock ' from ' trampling cattle '—an illustration of the days when God's acre was used as a grazing[1] ground. Edwards was a worthy, amiable, well-educated gentleman, with an inborn love of books. His literary record is not large, or lasting. But it is something to have smitten the Goliath of pedantry with the pebble of common sense : something, also, to have made a sustained attempt to revive the sonnet of Milton under the sovereignty of Pope.

[1] Cp. Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, 1714, p. 49.

AN 18TH-CENTURY HIPPOCRATES

In Plutarch's life of Numa Pompilius, the rule and order of the Vestal Virgins are thus concisely defined: 'In the first ten years they learn what they have to do: the next ten years following, they do that which they have learned: and the last ten years, they teach young novices.'[1] With a paraphrase of this passage, William Heberden, M.D., here selected as the example of the eighteenth-century 'beloved physician' (in the nineteenth that title was popularly assigned to Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh), opens the Preface to his *Commentaries on the History and Cure of Diseases*. 'This is no bad model [he says] for the life of a physician'; and when in 1782, he had passed through the first and second of the stages above indicated, he sat down, as the Greek motto on his title-page proclaims, to digest and co-ordinate the methodical bedside notes of his forty years' practice. The matter of his book is naturally beyond the province of this paper. It is not of the supreme contemporary authority on *angina pectoris*, or of the learned analyst of that 'mithridate'[2] which has passed into English poetry as a synonym for 'antidote', that it is proposed to speak. Rather is it of the accomplished Fellow of his college who was scholar enough to contribute to the *Athenian Letters*—whose associates were as diverse as Gray and Jacob Bryant, Kennicott, and Conyers Middleton—and

[1] North's *Plutarch*, Rouse's ed., 1898, i. 245.

[2] Drayton calls garlic 'the poor man's mithridate'. The word is also used by Donne, Lyly, and Ben Jonson.

who numbered among his patients not only Richardson and Thomas Edwards of the *Canons of Criticism*, but Cowper and Johnson, and Mrs. Delany and George III. That he should have deserved and obtained the esteem and affection of all these is assuredly reason enough for raising to his memory a modest cairn of commendation.

He was seventy-two when he signed the Preface to his *Commentaries*, having been born in London in August 1710. His father, Richard Heberden, came of a good Hampshire family, but his profession is unknown. He died in October 1717, leaving his family 'in somewhat straitened circumstances'. A few months before, his son had been admitted into the Grammar School of St. Saviour's, Southwark, of which in after life he became a benefactor. Here he succeeded so well that he was sent, in his fifteenth year, to St. John's, Cambridge, later the college of Mason, as it had formerly been that of Prior. This was in 1724. Four years subsequently, he graduated B.A., proceeding Fellow in 1730. Thereupon he entered on what was to be the first period of his future calling, and studied medicine assiduously at London and Cambridge. In 1739 he became an M.D. and practised for some years at the University. But he did not, on this account, relax his interest in the affairs of his Alma Mater, nor neglect the reputation he had acquired as a Hebraist and classical scholar. Thus it comes about that he figures as a contributor to the at first privately-printed *Athenian Letters* of 1741–3.

'Writ large' in a liberal sub-title, these letters purport to be the *Epistolary Correspondence of an Agent of the King of Persia residing at Athens during the Peloponnesian War*, translated from a

manuscript in the Old Persic language preserved in the library at Fez. They were, as a matter of fact, mainly the work of a group of clever young Cambridge men (most of whom rose in the future to positions of eminence), who composed them 'as a preparatory trial of their strength and as the best method of imprinting on their own minds some of the immediate subjects of their academical studies'. In this aspiration they were said to have been encouraged by the Reverend and indefatigable Thomas Birch of the *General Dictionary* (then concluding or just concluded), who was one of the contributors. As Birch's lifelong patron was the first Earl of Hardwicke, and Hardwicke's sons, Philip, afterwards second Lord Hardwicke, and his brilliant brother Charles, were the leading writers, this may well have been the case. In its first form (four volumes, octavo) the issue of the book was exceptionally 'limited', only twelve copies being struck off at the expense of the authors 'under the strictest injunctions of secrecy'.[1]

[1] So long a period elapsed before the *Athenian Letters* emerged from their semi-suppressed condition, that it will be best to follow their further fortunes in a foot-note. In 1781, when Charles Yorke was dead, his brother Philip, then second Earl, issued, in one quarto volume, another privately-printed edition of one hundred copies, with the result that the book, having become known, began to be sought after. This led to the publication of an edition in two vols. octavo, a copy of which was sent in 1789 by the Lord Dover of the day to the venerable Abbé Barthélemy, author of the *Voyage du jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*, 1788. Barthélemy was lavish in compliment; and was polite enough to add that, had he known earlier of the book, he should either have refrained from writing his own, or endeavoured to improve it by so excellent a model. In 1798 appeared an authoritative edition, duly equipped with portraits, map, geographical index, and 'Advertisement' by the third Earl of Hardwicke; and the book, by this time, in the opinion of

Heberden's contribution to this now-forgotten work was, of course, professional. It is contained in Letter CXXXVI, vol. ii, from Cleander, the Persian agent of the fable, to Alexias, the chief physician of Artaxerxes, and consists of what would to-day be called an 'appreciation' of Hippocrates of Cos as he 'struck a contemporary'. Excellent as it is, it does not lend itself easily to quotation, unless one excepts the cynical characterization, by a 'certain Athenian', of 'gymnastick physick' as 'the art of preserving their lives who ought not to live, and continuing valetudinarians a burden to themselves and society'—an utterance which, if it were ever grateful to a Greek, would certainly not be acceptable to our latter-day disciples of Sandow. Cleander dwells on the depressed state of medicine before Hippocrates, when it appears to have been wholly in the hands of nostrum-mongers and quack-salvers; on the pertinacity with which Hippocrates insisted on studying the stages of disease at the patient's bedside, so as to earn for himself the reputation of a 'clinic' physician; on his determined endeavour to dissociate medicine from the dubious philosophy to which it had become affiliated; and, finally and chiefly, on the method and lucidity which justly entitle him to the credit of being the first to collect 'the scattered precepts of physick' into an art, and to 'deliver them like a man of this world'.[1] Some of Cleander's utterances read

the *Monthly Review*, constituted the best commentary on Thucydides then extant.

[1] Charles Fox, who read his Hippocrates, highly approved one of the famous *Aphorisms*. It was, as quoted by Rogers: 'The second-best remedy is better than the best, if the patient likes it best' (*Table-Talk*, 1856, p. 94). But, in the quotation books, he is known mainly by the rightly-famous 'Life is short, art long'. He did not, however, confirm his initial axiom, for he lived to be 104.

strangely to the uninstructed modern. It is difficult to realize that 'it is doubtful whether Hippocrates ever saw a human body dissected', and that the illustrious Father of Medicine knew no more of anatomy than could be learned from sacrificed animals or Egyptian mummies. There are in Cleander's communication, among other passages, some which are probably no more than the echo of what Johnson calls 'the unauthorized loquacity of common fame'; but in any case Heberden's contribution must have been a welcome and authoritative addition to the *Athenian Letters*.

Beyond a few notes supplied in 1744 to Zachary Grey's *Hudibras*, in the subscription list of which Heberden duly appears, with several of his Cambridge colleagues, no other of his purely literary efforts seems to have survived, though as a Hebraist he gave acknowledged aid to Bishop Newcome in his book on *The Twelve Minor Prophets*. During the period of his residence at Cambridge as a practising physician he delivered a course of lectures on materia medica. These had many auditors who became distinguished, notably Sir George Baker, later physician to Queen Charlotte, and are remarkable by their wealth of classical quotation and illustration. 'Homer, Plautus, Plutarch, Vitruvius, Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, Cicero, Ovid, Persius, Lucan, Catullus, Juvenal, and Pliny [says Dr. Pettigrew] are all made to illustrate and adorn his discourses.' They have never been printed, although they were, or are, still existent in manuscript form; but a solitary example of them is supposed to exist in the tract entitled *Antitheriaka*, published in 1745. And here it will be safest to invoke the aid of a professional pen: 'Treating of this famous medicine [*Mithridatium*] which had not yet been expunged

from our public dispensatory, Dr. Heberden proves that the only poisons known to the ancients were hemlock, monk's hood, and those of venomous beasts; and that to these few they knew of no antidotes. That the farrago called after the celebrated King of Pontus [Mithridates Eupator], which, in the time of Celsus, consisted of thirty-eight simples, had changed its composition every hundred years, and that therefore what had been for so many ages called Mithridatium was quite different from the true medicine found in the cabinet of that prince. This, he states, was a very trivial one, composed of twenty leaves of rue, one grain of salt, two nuts, and two dried figs; and he infers that, even supposing Mithridates had ever used the compound (which is doubtful), his not being able to dispatch himself was less owing to the strength of his antidote than to the weakness of his poison.'[1]

These last lines might be more explicit. In either case, the dictionaries agree that Mithridates killed himself to avoid falling into the hands of the Romans.[2]

When, in 1745, *Antitheriaka* was published, Heberden was five-and-thirty, and his Cambridge reputation had begun to extend to the metropolis. In the same year he was admitted as a candidate to the College of Physicians, then in Warwick Lane, Newgate Street; and in 1746 he became a Fellow. About 1748, on the invitation of George the Second's Physician-in-Ordinary, Sir Edward Hulse, he moved

[1] Macmichael's *The Gold-headed Cane*, Munk's ed., 1884, pp. 99–100.

[2] Heberden (according to Macmichael) discredited the stories of poisons that could be concealed in seals and the like. But, in Heberden's own day, Condorcet died in the prison of Bourg-la-Reine from a poison that he carried in the bezel of his ring.

to London, taking up his abode in Cecil Street, Strand. (Whether this was a favoured haunt of the faculty we know not ; but it was to Hayley's friend, Dr. William Austin, ' of Cecil Street, London ', that Cowper addressed a sonnet in May 1792, thanking him for his advice in Mrs. Unwin's second paralytic seizure.) Henceforth Heberden rapidly progressed in popularity. In 1752 he gave up his St. John's fellowship and married Miss Elizabeth Martin, daughter of John Martin, M.P. for Tewkesbury. Two years later she died ; and in 1761 he married again, the lady being Miss Wollaston, of Charterhouse Square. By his first wife he had a son, who became Canon of Exeter ; by his second, several children, only two of whom survived, one being the Mary Heberden who figures in Fanny Burney's Diary for 1787 ; the other, his son and biographer William. Meanwhile distinctions came to him freely from Warwick Lane and elsewhere. When, in 1761, Queen Charlotte arrived from Mecklenburg, George III offered him the post of Physician to Her Majesty. This offer he thought fit to decline, on the ground that ' it might interfere with those connexions of life which he had now formed ', among which, it is only reasonable to suppose, his second marriage played its part. But it is a significant proof of his personal influence that, notwithstanding this refusal, he was successful in obtaining the appointment for a nominee of his own, a little-known but extremely competent Dr. Joseph Letherland. It is not, however, necessary to record all the milestones of a uniformly prosperous career. Soon after his arrival in London he had been strongly impressed by the signs of impaired power in his celebrated contemporary, Dr. Mead ; and he had resolved in his own case not to disregard

the timely warnings of advancing years. For this reason, in 1783, he deemed it prudent (in his son's words) 'to withdraw a little from the fatigues of his profession. He therefore purchased a house at Windsor, to which he used ever afterwards to retire during some of the summer months; but returned to London in the winter, and still continued to visit the sick for many years.'[1] When he ceased to reside in Cecil Street is not apparent; but his last London house was on the south side (Captain Morris's 'sweet, shady side') of Pall Mall, looking, at the back, on the Mall and St. James's Park. According to Granger, Heberden himself built, or rebuilt, this on a freehold site given by Charles II to Nell Gwyn, the last owners of which had been the Waldegrave family, from whom it was purchased.[2] Of Heberden's closing years there is little to say. In 1796, when he was eighty-seven, he fractured his thigh when attending service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's—an accident which disabled him from active exercise to the end of his life, and prompted in a contemporary the apposite quotation from Virgil:

Nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit.[3]

On May 17, 1801, being then in his ninety-first year, he died in his Pall Mall house, and was buried in Windsor Parish Church, where there is a monument to his memory. His portrait by Sir William Beechey, R.A., hangs in the Censor's Room of the Royal College of Physicians.

[1] Memoir prefixed to the translated *Commentaries* of 1806, p. iv.

[2] There is a print of the house in the Crace Collection at the British Museum (Hill's *Johnson's Letters*, 1892, ii. 302 n.).

[3] *Aeneid* ii. 429–30.

Dr. Heberden's *Commentaries on the History and Cure of Diseases* (*Commentarii de Morborum Historia et Curatione*), though drawn up as early as 1782, were not published until 1802, a year after his death. They were originally written in Latin and translated by the author's distinguished son, Dr. William Heberden the younger. Examination of them here would be out of place as well as perilous to a layman ; and upon this theme we shall content ourselves by quoting Sir NORMAN MOORE. There can be no higher authority. Dr. William Heberden, he says, ' is rightly considered one of the greatest of English physicians. His *Commentaries on the History and Cure of Diseases* is a book which can never become obsolete or cease to be worth reading by a student of medicine, so absolutely is it based on an exact personal observation of disease.' [1]

With this we pass to such dispersed particulars of Heberden's relations with his contemporaries as we have been able to bring together. The facts of his career, it will be gathered, are not such as furnish material for eventful history. But of few men can it be more literally advanced that he was ' known by his friends '. From the date of his establishment in Cecil Street to the end of his days he must have been one of the most popular and best respected members of his profession, though it is not from himself that we learn it. Among his patients he numbered many of the leading celebrities, with most of whom he was also on terms of intimacy. And not a few of the *literati* of his day were attracted

[1] *A Lecture on the Principles and Practice of Medicine*, delivered October 3, 1899, by Norman Moore, M.D., p. 2. The *Commentaries* are examined in some detail by the late A. C. Buller, B.A., Cambridge, whose interesting Essay on the *Life and Works of Heberden* obtained the Wix Prize at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1878.

to him by his attainments as a scholar and man of science. One of the earliest of this group must have been that inveterate anti-Bentleyite Conyers Middleton, though he was not, perhaps, to be reckoned among his close associates. But Middleton's *History of the Life of Cicero*, the much-vaunted work which was said to owe its matter to William Bellenden and its manner to John, Lord Hervey, belongs to 1741, the year of the *Athenian Letters*; and the farm which the profits enabled Middleton to purchase at Hildersham, on the Granta, where for the rest of his life he chiefly lived, was only six miles from Cambridge. He must have been for some time under Heberden's care when, not long before his death in 1750, he came to London to seek further advice, since he told the specialist he consulted that 'his case being out of the power of physick' he had long taken Dr. Heberden's medicines without effect.[1] Heberden subsequently printed from an Harleian manuscript in the British Museum an unpublished Appendix to an earlier work which Middleton had issued in 1726, on 'the servile and ignoble condition' of the medical profession among the Romans, adding thereto an account of the circumstances which led to its long-deferred publication. He was, however, by no means prepared to act as foster-father to all Middleton's posthumous productions, for when Middleton's widow (and third wife) brought him an unpublished treatise on the inefficacy of prayer, which her versatile but unorthodox husband had left behind him, Heberden, after reading it carefully, told her frankly that though it might do credit to his learning, it could do none to his principles or memory. It is, nevertheless, characteristic of the benevolence attributed

[1] Climenson's *Elizabeth Montagu*, 1906, i. 276.

to him that, having ascertained from a publisher that the market value of the copyright of such a piece would be £150, he paid Mrs. Middleton £200 and burned the manuscript.[1]

One of the critics who contested the authenticity of the letters of Cicero and Brutus which Middleton had published was the distinguished Greek scholar Jeremiah Markland, whom Heberden knew well and must often have visited at Milton Court, the spacious old Elizabethan farm-house near Dorking where, as Mrs. Rose's lodger, Markland spent the last twenty-four years of his secluded and studious life, and to which, after his death, another great Grecian, Richard Porson, made reverential pilgrimage in his honour. Heberden it was who paid for the publication of Markland's editions of the *Supplices* (1763) and the two *Iphigenias* (1771) of Euripides; and it was Heberden who wrote the inscription for the votive brass which stands (or stood, since the church has been twice rebuilt) to Markland's memory in the chancel of St. Martin, Dorking. To Heberden, Markland left all his books, which were enriched by his valuable notes. His tomb, with that of Abraham Tucker of Betchworth Castle, author (as 'Edward Search') of *The Light of Nature Pursued*, is in the now disused churchyard.

Markland was not the only scholar of eminence who belonged to Heberden's circle of friends. There is good evidence that he was well acquainted with Thomas Tyrwhitt, the accomplished editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, who, before finally devoting himself to literature, had contrived to be

[1] This story is told in different ways. The version here followed is that of Dr. Macmichael in *The Gold-headed Cane*, Munk's ed., 1884, pp. 108–9, and was probably derived from Dr. Heberden's son.

a competent Under-Secretary at War and an efficient Clerk to the House of Commons, earning distinction in both capacities. Tyrwhitt was not only 'a master of almost every European tongue', but he was regarded by Porson as 'an admirable critic',[1] and Lord Charlemont (no mean judge) considered that his pamphlet on the Chatterton question was 'the most candid, accurate and satisfactory controversial tract' that he had ever perused.[2] Like Twining, Tyrwhitt translated *Aristotle's Poetics*, and his version, published in 1794, after his death, is specially praised by a modern critic for its 'penetrating scholarship'.[3] His relations with Heberden are evidenced by the verses he wrote for an olive-wood tea-caddy, which 'Athenian' Stuart, another friend, had brought to Heberden from Greece. Tyrwhitt was dining with Heberden shortly after it arrived, and he sent his host next day the following sextet:

In Attic fields, by famed Ilissus' flood,
The sacred tree of Pallas once I stood.
Now torn from thence, with graceful emblems drest,
For *Mira's* tea I form a polished chest.
Athens, farewell! no longer I repine
For my Socratic shade and patroness divine.

Jacob Bryant, the mythologist, turned the lines into Latin, Sir William Jones into Greek—facts which supply us with the names of two more of Heberden's learned friends.

Of Jacob Bryant, of whom it was jestingly said that he knew everything down to the Deluge and

[1] *Porsoniana*, in Rogers's *Table-Talk*, 1856, p. 322.
[2] *Charlemont Corr.*, 1891, i. 422. It was entitled *A Vindication of the Appendix to the Poems called Rowley's*, 1782.
[3] Prickard, *Aristotle on the Art of Poetry*, 1891, vi.

no farther, who believed in Chatterton but disbelieved in Troy, and whose *Analysis of Ancient Mythology* is supposed to have foreshadowed Mr. Casaubon's arid and unachieved *magnum opus* in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*,[1] one might reasonably expect interesting particulars. As Bryant lived at Cippenham, about three miles from Windsor, he must often have met Heberden when in residence there, though of their actual intercourse Fanny Burney's *Diary* reveals nothing but a meeting on the Terrace. Nor is there more of 'Oriental Jones', or some others whom Dr. Macmichael classes as Heberden's associates. He speaks of those typical eighteenth-century prelates, Lowth and Hurd; of Jortin and the Hebraist Kennicott; of Cavendish (the chemist?) and the tardily-orthodox Soame Jenyns; but restricts himself to the barren enumeration of their names, so that one must fall back on those who were primarily patients. In the preceding paper we have spoken of Thomas Edwards of the *Canons of Criticism* and Richardson as coming in this category.[2] Heberden certainly attended Edwards, who in his declining years addressed to him a sonnet in which, after thanking him for his 'healing arts' and referring to his 'wealth unenvied', adjures him (doubtless with an eye to a vindictive Warburton in the background!) to

> Cherish his memory, and protect his fame,
> Whom thy true worth has made thy faithful friend;

and he certainly ministered to the author of *Sir Charles Grandison* in those obscure nervous disorders to which excessive sensibility and devotion to business had reduced that exemplary man. 'I

[1] He is actually mentioned in chap. xxii.
[2] See *ante*, p. 19.

must have done', writes Edwards to his friend in January 1750, or 'good Mr. Heberden will chide me for teasing you with long letters'. As if long letters could have any terrors for Samuel Richardson! But perhaps he disliked them—in other people.

One of Heberden's London patients was Cowper who consulted him in 1763, previous to his terrible second derangement. Heberden, who was an ardent advocate of fresh air and change of scene (he had earlier sent Edwards from London to the Chiltern Hills), recommended Cowper to go to Margate, where he stayed during August and September, visiting thence, among other things, that fantastic imitation (with supplements) of Cicero's Formian Villa, which had been erected at Kingsgate three years before by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and which, three years later, prompted the satiric quatrains of Gray. Cowper calls it 'a fine piece of ruins'. The Margate treatment temporarily raised his spirits, but did no more good than Heberden's drugs. Eighteen years afterwards, he nevertheless still remembered his old doctor, and in his 'Retirement' refers to him as one—

> whose skill
> Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil,
> Gives melancholy up to nature's care,
> And sends the patient into purer air.

Whether Heberden ever prescribed for the highly-strung author of the *Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard* is not apparent from Gray's correspondence. But with another of Heberden's patients Gray's name is indissolubly connected. This was the wife of his friend Mason, that beautiful and amiable Mary Sherman, whose metrical epitaph may still be read in Bristol Cathedral, graced with the

familiar closing quatrain by Gray which goes so far to redeem her husband's preliminary lines. Her brief married life only lasted two years, as she died of consumption at eight-and-twenty, apparently in the very act of drinking the Bristol waters—a fact which must be allowed to justify the Masonic 'she bow'd to taste the wave'. There is a reference to her in one of Warburton's letters:

'Mason called on me the other day, he is grown extremely fat, and his wife extremely lean, indeed in the last stage of a consumption. I inquired of her health; he said she was something better, and that I suppose encouraged him to come out, but Dr. Balguy tells me that Heberden [1] says she is irretrievably gone, and has touched upon it to him, and ought to do it to her. When the terms of such a sentence may impede the Doctor's endeavour to save, the pronouncing it, would be very indiscreet, but in a consumption confirmed, it is a work of charity, as the patient is always deluded with hopes to the very last breath.' [2]

In this instance, for once, one is disposed to say ditto to Warburton. But the question was much debated. Hume, in one of his letters to Strahan, seems to think it justifiable to deceive sick people 'for their Good'. But Johnson's sturdy honesty recoiled from falsehood in any form. 'I deny [he said] the lawfulness of telling a lie to a sick man for fear of alarming him. You have no business with consequences; you are to tell the truth.'

His other reasons were not so forcible: 'Besides

[1] Heberden had known Mason since 1747, when he had joined with Gray in procuring Mason's election to a Fellowship at Pembroke Hall (Tovey's *Gray's Letters*, 1900–12, i. 187 n.

[2] *Ibid.* ii. 115 n., from Mitford.

[he added] you are not sure what effect your telling him that he is in danger may have. It may bring his distemper to a crisis, and that may cure him. Of all lying, I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has been frequently practised on myself.' [1]

According to Walpole's *Correspondence*, the 'Heaven-born Wilkes', as Hogarth called him, might have been one of Heberden's patients had he not declined that advantage. In April 1763 he had been committed to the Tower for imputing falsehood to George III in No. 45 of the *North Briton*; but, as all the world knows, had been released in the Court of Common Pleas on pleading privilege of Parliament. When the House of Commons reassembled in November 1763 he was challenged by a choleric West Indian named Martin, whom he had libelled, and on the 16th of that month fought a duel with him in Hyde Park, and was severely wounded in the side. His medical attendant was Dr. Brocklesby (the 'Rock less B' of the wits); but the House commissioned Dr. Heberden and Hawkins (the King's Sergeant-surgeon) to visit him. The 'idol of the mob' refused to see them, and to 'laugh at us more', writes Walpole to Lord Hertford, 'sent for two Scotchmen, Duncan and Middleton', although he had impudently postulated, at the time of his committal to the Tower, that he should not be placed in any apartment which had been previously tenanted by a Scot. He shortly afterwards escaped to France.[2]

In December 1780, when Johnson's friend, Henry

[1] Hill's *Boswell's Johnson*, 1887, iv. 306.

[2] Toynbee's *Walpole's Letters*, vol. v; Hunt's *History of England*, 1760–1801.

Thrale, had returned to Streatham with what Miss Burney calls ' that vile influenza ', his wife hastily summoned Heberden from town. As he ordered ' cupping ', and Miss Burney speaks of Thrale's case as precarious, it is probable that his ailment was but a premonition of that fatal seizure which took place in the following April, and of which his medical advisers had warned him if he continued to persist in his unrestrained indulgence in the pleasures of the table. Only two days before his death Dr. Johnson had said to him at dinner, after witnessing his immoderate appetite and prodigious draughts of strong beer : ' Sir, after the denunciations of your physicians this morning, such eating is little better than suicide.'

As already stated, it was in 1783 that Heberden retired from the active practice of his profession, in which by this time he was almost without a rival. In the early part of the same year Johnson's declining health was beginning to be a source of apprehension to his friends. ' I fear his constitution is breaking ', wrote Hannah More. But he was still well enough to act as her escort at Oxford and to exhibit to her his old quarters at Pembroke, where, in honour of this dual visit of notabilities, a print of the great man was specially hung up in the Common Room, having under it, ' And is not Johnson ours ? himself a host '—a line from the lady's poem of *Sensibility*. Not long after his return from Oxford, on June 17, he had his first paralytic seizure. He immediately sent for his neighbour, Dr. Brocklesby, who lived hard by in Norfolk Street, and for Dr. Heberden, under whose joint care, aided by his own robust constitution, he rapidly recovered. On the 20th he had regained his speech sufficiently to talk of Juvenal's ninth

satire with Dr. Brocklesby (who, like Heberden, was a 'classic'), and 'to let him see that the province was mine'—as he reported to Mrs. Thrale at Bath. On the 24th he was watering his little garden at Bolt Court, just as he had watered the laurels on 'Dick's island' at Streatham; and on the 25th Dr. Heberden took his leave. Later in the year, in December, he was attacked by dropsy and asthma, from which, after a ten weeks' confinement, he again recovered, though he described himself as still 'at a great distance from health'. His appetite, however, never failed, and this, he tells us, Dr. Heberden always regarded as a favourable sign. He considered it, says Johnson, in what are assuredly his own words, as indicating that Nature had not in despair yielded up her power to the force of the disease. He was, however, seventy-four, and his life was not to be prolonged. Before the year closed his ailments returned, and his doctors were again in requisition. It is not necessary to repeat the oft-told story of his death. But it is pleasant to think that he retained his powers until the end; that he was still able to discuss Shakespeare with Dr. Brocklesby, and 'the Antients' with Dr. Heberden, whom he characterized to Seward as '*ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the learned physicians',[1] although, in the matter of dropsical incisions, he looked upon him as '*timidorum timidissimus*'. He retained his wonderful memory and his humour so far as to repeat, only a few days before he died, when he had been secretly trying some remedy of his own, the lines of Swift:

> The doctors, tender of their fame,
> Wisely on me lay all the blame:

[1] *Biographiana*, p. 601.

'We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years.'

By a codicil to his will he left to Drs. Heberden and Brocklesby, and his surgeon Mr. Cruikshank, 'each a book at their election to keep as a token of remembrance'. Heberden and Brocklesby refused payment for their services. Heberden, indeed, must have been quixotic in this way, for he declined to take a fee from Eldon because he had written a brilliant essay at Oxford.

Of Heberden's remaining patients of consequence, the chief were Mrs. Delany and George III. He attended the former at Windsor in 1787, when she had suffered, in Miss Burney's mysterious words, 'a mental distress', which threw her into a fever she rapidly recovered from. She was then eighty-six, and she died on April 10 in the following year. In July 1788 King George III showed symptoms of indisposition; and the Royal Household migrated to the curative waters of Cheltenham. In November, when they had returned to Windsor, he was again unwell; and Dr. Heberden was called in for consultation with the Queen's Physician, then Sir George Baker. There is not much in Fanny's *Diary* about Heberden's ministrations, but what there is deserves mention. It became a part of her duty to carry to Queen Charlotte, who was ill in the next room, periodical reports of His Majesty: 'I am not ill, but I am nervous [she heard him say to his doctors]: if you would know what is the matter with me, I am nervous. But I love you both very well; if you would tell me truth: I love Dr. Heberden best, for he has not told me a lie:

Sir George has told me a lie—a white lie, he says, but I hate a white lie! If you will tell me a lie, let it be a black lie!' [1] A fortnight later the Royal Household was transferred to Kew, and the King passed practically to the care of the Willises, father and son.

The preceding notes—it should be admitted—form but a slender foundation on which to build a personality; and it would, no doubt, have been interesting to hear from Heberden directly something of his patients and their humours. But these are obviously secrets which the discreet physician confides to his notebook, and withholds from the curious. As regards Heberden himself it is, however, amply clear, from the particulars collected, that he possessed many sterling qualities which fully justified his popularity with his contemporaries. He was a thoroughly worthy man, of sound principle and stainless integrity; beneficent as well as benevolent; conscientiously devoted to the practice and promotion of the calling which had made him rich, and also (what is more to the purpose of this paper) a genuine lover of books and a generous patron of letters. Pope was dead when he moved to London, or, like Mead and Cheselden, he might have been commemorated in a couplet

(I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes);

or he might have prompted an 'Epistle to Dr. Heberden' on the model of the famous 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot'. Writing to Ralph Allen late in life, Pope is quoted as saying, with reference to the kind treatment he had received from the faculty, 'They are in general the most amiable companions

[1] *Burney Diary*, 1905, iv. 136.

and the best friends, as well as the most learned men I know.'[1] He would certainly not have denied these attributes to our 'eighteenth-century Hippocrates'.

[1] Account of Pope in *An Excursion to Windsor*, &c., by John Evans, LL.D., 2nd ed., 1827, p. 136.

'HERMES' HARRIS

In May 1775, Sir Isaac Newton's old house in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, then tenanted by the Burney family, was the scene of one of those musical evenings which, after long cessation, had again become fashionable. The not-too-spacious drawing-room had been enlarged by opening the folding-doors into the back-room or library, where the harpsichords of the performers were usually placed, and we must imagine Dr. Burney, music-roll in hand as Reynolds depicts him, welcoming the guests who climbed the narrow oak staircase leading to the first floor. We must also imagine his daughter Fanny, from some shy coign of vantage in the background, taking careful note of each new-comer, in order to make exact report of the occasion to her kind old Mentor at Chessington—the 'Daddy' Crisp of her *Diary*. The concert was begun by the Welsh harper, Mr. Jones, who, though in Fanny's opinion 'a silly young man', exhibited 'great neatness and delicacy' in handling his yet unpopularized instrument. To him, on the harpsichord, followed 'Mr. Burney' (i. e. Charles Rousseau Burney, Dr. Burney's son-in-law), playing 'with his usual successful velocity and his usual applause'. His place was taken by the Danish Ambassador's wife, the pretty and accomplished Baroness Deiden, who, having volubly protested (in French) that after such a master her attempts would resemble those of a *figurante* following the popular danseuse, Mlle Heinel, consented to enthral the audience. (She was, as a matter of fact, one of the most brilliant lady harpsichord-players in Europe.)

Hetty Burney, Fanny's eldest sister, came next with a slow movement of Echard's—'to avoid emulation'; and she was succeeded by Miss Louisa Harris, a pupil of Sacchini, one of whose songs she sang, supplementing it with a rondeau from the *Piramo e Tisbe* of Rauzzini, Fanny's idol. The closing piece, however, which the diarist italicizes as the *great Feast* of the evening, was Müthel's duet for two harpsichords,[1] the executants being Hetty Burney and her husband, the 'Mr. Burney' above-mentioned, who was also her cousin. 'It is impossible', says the sisterly chronicler, 'for admiration to exceed what the company in general expressed. . . . Mr. HARRIS, and, indeed, everybody, appeared enchanted.' The 'Mr. Harris' on whom the distinction of capitals is here conferred, was the father of Sacchini's 'singing scholar', Miss Louisa Harris. He had, as a matter of fact, played the accompaniment to his daughter's song. At this date he was a man of sixty-five, M.P. for Christchurch, Hants, a former Lord of the Admiralty and Treasury, and, by recent appointment, Secretary and Comptroller of the Household to Her Majesty Queen Charlotte. Besides being a recognized authority on Art, Music, and Poetry, he was a sound classical scholar and a learned philologist and grammarian. He was generally known, from his chief work, as 'Hermes' Harris. To him—but perhaps more as an eighteenth-century personality

[1] This, in a later soirée, was repeated for the gratification of the famous Count Orloff. On learning that the players were husband and wife, he exclaimed to Mrs. Burney: 'Mais qu'a produit tant d'harmonie?' To which the blushing and flustered Hetty could only reply confusedly: 'Rien, Monseigneur, que trois enfants'—an answer which greatly diverted the Russian man-mountain, who was 'addicted to pleasantry'.

of the better type than as an author, and not omitting what he himself would have called some 'collateral expatiation' into his recently established relations with his contemporary, Henry Fielding—it is designed to devote this paper.

As regards rank and fortune, James Harris of Salisbury might fairly claim to meet all the superficial requirements of Defoe in his definition of the 'Compleat Gentleman' of the day. From his father, who belonged to an old Wiltshire family, he inherited a competency, while his mother was the Lady Elizabeth Ashley, third daughter of Anthony, second Earl of Shaftesbury, and sister to that illustrious author of the *Characteristics* who is commonly credited, among other things, with the fortunate promoting of 'miscellaneous writing'. Harris's father's house at Salisbury—or, as it was then called, New Sarum—was an 'ancient mansion' in the Cathedral Close, adjoining St. Ann's Gate. It had been held under the Church by the family since 1660, and is described as 'grafted upon and including part of the old ramparts . . . with a regular warren of rooms on many levels'. Here he was born, July 20, 1709. Of his youthful days no particulars are preserved by his devoted son and biographer, the first Earl of Malmesbury; but if the child be father to the man, he belonged, in all likelihood, to that quieter type of schoolboy which is reckoned to be 'better at books than games'. He went early to the grammar school in the Close, where Addison, who hailed from the neighbouring rectory of Milston, had formerly been a pupil, and the master of which was the Rev. Richard Hele, whom Keightley, in 1858, relying on the then-current Salisbury tradition, regarded as the prototype of Fielding's 'Parson Thwackum'. But, apart

from the fact that the author of *Tom Jones* specifically disclaims personal portraiture,[1] and also refers his readers for the outward semblance of Thwackum to a personage in one of Hogarth's prints, recent investigations[2] have proved conclusively that there is no real affinity between Thwackum and Mr. Hele, whose biography shows him to have been a 'man of the highest character, and utterly dissimilar to Thwackum in every respect', while Lord Malmesbury says expressly that he was long known and honoured in the West of England as 'an instructor of youth'. Neither can Fielding have seen much of Hele, since from 1719 to 1725 he himself was at Eton, under Dr. Bland. At the same time, Fielding was probably well acquainted with the Harris circle, as he generally spent his holidays at New Sarum with his maternal grandmother, Lady Gould, who lived in St. Martin's Church Street, between St. Mary's Home and the Church.[3] This acquaintance, of course, is merely conjectural; but, as will be plain, there is good evidence that Harris and Fielding were on intimate terms in later years. And it is worth noting that the three Miss Cradocks, one of whom Fielding afterwards married, lived opposite the Harris mansion in the Close.[4]

In 1725, when Harris was sixteen, he left the Cathedral School for the University, and went to Wadham College, Oxford. Like his co-eval, Lyttelton, he entered as a gentleman commoner; and, as in Lyttelton's case, there is no record of his

[1] *Joseph Andrews*, Bk. III, chap. i.

[2] 'Fieldingiana,' by Mr. J. Paul de Castro, *Notes and Queries*, November 1917, p. 467.

[3] Ibid., p. 468.

[4] Mary Penelope, one of the sisters, and perhaps the eldest, died in October 1729, at the age of twenty-four, and was buried in the choir of the Cathedral (ibid., p. 467).

academic life. When he had duly matriculated, his father sent him to Lincoln's Inn—' not intending him ', says Lord Malmesbury, ' for the Bar, but, as was a common practice, meaning to make the study of the law a part of his education '. When he was twenty-four his father died—an event which, by rendering him independent, left him free to follow his own inclinations. He accordingly returned from London to Salisbury, taking up his permanent abode in the paternal house in the Close. His bent had always been to Greek and Latin literature, which he now proceeded to study assiduously—rising often, his biographer tells us, at four or five on a winter's morning in order to secure the requisite quiet and seclusion. This, for the next fourteen or fifteen years, was the main business of his life. But, being still well under middle age, he did not, on this account, in any way withdraw himself from social entertainments. In common with his father, he was passionately fond of music, and generally played an active part in the diversions of the Wiltshire capital. As might be anticipated from his legal training, he also officiated regularly as a county magistrate, earning in that capacity a reputation for much more than merely decorative efficiency.

The outcome of his prolonged devotion to the study of the classics was a volume entitled *Three Treatises*—the first of them being ' A Dialogue concerning Art ' ; the second, ' A Discourse of Art, Painting, and Poetry ' ; and the third, ' A Dialogue concerning Happiness '. The book appeared in 1744, and was decorated with a highly emblematical frontispiece by James Stuart (the subsequently famous ' Athenian Stuart '), in which Virtue is represented crowning Nature—both crowner and

crowned being, quite needlessly, described as ' after the antique '. The initial dialogue, dedicated to the writer's relative, the Earl of Shaftesbury, purports to be the result of an excursion by two friends to Lord Pembroke's seat at Wilton, three miles from Salisbury, and is devoted to the discussion of Art in the abstract. The discourse that follows deals at large with its main divisions; and the concluding treatise ' professes to prove that the Perfection and Happiness of Human Nature are only to be obtained through the medium of a moral and virtuous Life '. To give an exhaustive account of the whole in this place is neither essential nor practicable; but it may fairly be granted that when (as the writer's son reports) Lord Monboddo commended the first Dialogue for its excellent ' dividing or diaeretic manner ', it is difficult to gainsay his lordship, still less to deny the undoubted erudition (' bullion ' Johnson would have called it) of the subject-matter. But, in these hand-to-mouth days, it is a book more likely to be pillaged than perused.

To return for a moment to Fielding. Beyond the love-verses to ' Celia ' (Charlotte Cradock), whom he had married in 1734, there is apparently little to connect him with Salisbury up to 1743, although it is clear he must often have visited that town after his grandmother's death. But an unmistakable allusion to Harris in the ' Essay on Conversation ' shows that either in London or Wiltshire they must have maintained relations. Fielding twice expressly speaks in this paper of ' my Friend, the Author of an Inquiry into Happiness ', as having sufficiently and admirably proved that man is a social animal; and, in a note to the first mention of that ' excellent author ', adds that

the treatise here indicated is not yet published, thus making it clear that he had read the book in manuscript, as the *Miscellanies* (which included the ' Essay on Conversation ') were issued in April 1743. And this brings us to a hitherto-doubtful point in Fielding's biography, which, as it is distinctly connected with Harris, may excusably be dealt with here.

In a letter written by Fielding from Lisbon in 1754 to his brother John, the major portion of which was printed in the *National Review* for August 1911, advantage was taken of the mutilated manuscript to omit certain passages which at that time it was held inexpedient to publish, because, without some explanation not then forthcoming, they were so obscure as to mislead. Fielding, it may be remembered, was much annoyed by the proceedings of Miss Margaret Collier, who had accompanied him to Lisbon as companion to his wife and daughter. One of his utterances referred to the ' obligations she and her Family have to me, who had an Execution taken out against me for 400*l.* for which I became Bail for her Brother '. No allusion to this incident was to be traced in any then-available Fielding records, and it could neither be confuted nor confirmed. For this reason, pending inquiry, the sentence was withheld. Since then the facts have been fully ascertained. They may be summarized as follows: In 1745, Margaret Collier's brother was proceeded against at Westminster by one Tristram Walton for a debt of £400 which he could not be persuaded to pay. The plaintiff obtained special bail, and the special bails, or ' Pledges ', were James Harris, of the City of New Sarum in Wilts, and Henry Fielding, of Boswell Court, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the

County of Middlesex. The case was tried; but Collier, who was a Doctor of Civil Law, 'demurred', in order to stave off the day of reckoning, with the consequences to Fielding above indicated, the main burden of which seems to have fallen on him, perhaps,—it has been suggested—because the Sheriff thought one man in London was worth two in Wiltshire.[1] At all events the result gave Fielding good reason for writing in the Lisbon letter, that he hated Collier's very name.

The Dr. Arthur Collier who figures in the above trial, and who is elsewhere described 'as an ingenious, but unsteady and eccentric man', had long resided in Salisbury, where his father, the metaphysician and Rector of Langford Magna, died in 1732. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that he was a subscriber to Fielding's *Miscellanies* of 1743, sufficiently accounts for the presence as his 'Pledges' of Fielding and also of Harris, to whom we come again. In 1745, being then thirty-six, Harris

[1] 'Fielding and the Collier Family,' by Mr. J. Paul de Castro, *Notes and Queries*, August 5, 1916. I must here frankly acknowledge my obligations to Mr. de Castro for the above details. The war has ruthlessly hung up his long-projected biography of Fielding. But as a compensation, the temporary set-back has only served to extend and invigorate his untiring researches. There are other workers in this unexhausted mine from whom something may be expected. Professor Edwin Wells, and Professor Gerard Jensen of Philadelphia, have been profitably employed in the same direction; while beside and behind them (with all the resources of the Dickson gift of Fielding books to Yale University Library) is Professor Wilbur L. Cross, of the *Life of Sterne* (1909), who has long had a companion study of Fielding in contemplation. Yale, indeed, has always been friendly to Fielding, for the late Professor T. R. Lounsbury, Professor Cross's predecessor in the Chair of English, was one of his most fervent admirers. [Dean Cross's book has since appeared, Sept. 1918.]

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married Elizabeth, the daughter and eventual heiress of John Clarke, of Sandford near Bridgwater in Somerset, by whom he had five children, three of whom survived him—namely, two daughters, Gertrude and the Louisa whose vocal talents have already been celebrated, and a son, James, afterwards the distinguished diplomatist who became first Earl of Malmesbury. It is to the *Letters of Lord Malmesbury, his Family and Friends,* 1870, that one must look henceforth for the scant particulars respecting his father. The first volume covers the period from 1745, the year of Harris's marriage, to 1794; and, as Harris died in 1780, includes the remainder of his life. His own letters, in this collection, are largely concerned with business matters or minor contemporary politics, and *cold* contemporary politics, except to those who are really sharp-set, are the coldest of collations. Those of his wife to her son, with his replies, being on diverse topics, are more interesting. Mrs. Harris is not a Sévigné, or even a Lady Mary; but she is chatty and readable, and the young man who received her *nouvelles à la main* at Oxford or Madrid, at Berlin or St. Petersburg, must have rejoiced in the possession of so 'corresponding' a mother.

After the three *Treatises*, and previously to the publication of what must be regarded as Harris's chief work of *Hermes*, 1751, there is no evidence of any special literary activity on his part, with the exception of two short dialogues contributed anonymously to the *Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple* by Fielding's sister Sarah, a book she published in 1747, as a sequel to an earlier novel. These dialogues, 'Much Ado' and 'Fashion', are assigned to Harris on the

authority of Johnson, who read them to Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale many years afterwards, and they are dated respectively 1744 and 1746. They certainly disclose 'a sportive humour' which one at least of the Doctor's listeners seems to have thought unexpected in a 'learned grammarian'. On the other hand, the 'learned grammarian' is formidably to the fore in *Hermes*, the sub-title of which sufficiently explains its theme. It is *A Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar*, and, on this ground, very properly called after Mercury. It is dedicated to the first Earl of Hardwicke; and, like the preceding *Treatises*, is embellished by the 'Attic and simple' taste of 'Athenian' Stuart with a cryptic frontispiece. The plan and method of the author are extremely orderly and elaborate; but to any save the forced student of a difficult subject he will seem to be *in*conveniently learned. As to his ultimate conclusions, opinions differ. In his Preface he speaks of his efforts as tentative; but later scholars have not scrupled to dismiss them less indulgently. Nevertheless his own contemporary, Bishop Lowth, who, being a philologist, should have been a competent critic, extolled him extravagantly. 'Those [he declared] who would enter clearly into this subject will find it fully and accurately handled with the greatest acuteness of investigation, perspicuity of explication and elegance of method in a treatise entitled *Hermes* by James Harris, Esq.' And he goes on to compare him with Aristotle;[1] praise which should have been peculiarly grateful to Harris, who was

[1] Lowth's opinion was endorsed by Coleridge, who says that *Hermes* is written 'with the precision of Aristotle and the elegance of Quintilian'. (Boswell's *Johnson*, Globe ed., p. 255 n.)

certainly sealed of those who, as Boileau says, hold that

sans Aristote
La raison ne voit goutte, et lè bon sens radote.

In the *Covent Garden Journal* for March 14, 1752, Fielding, who had no doubt read the book, like its predecessor, in proof or manuscript, gives it, as might be expected, his Censorial benediction, accompanied by a respectfully elaborate analysis. On the other hand, Gray sneered at it to Norton Nicholls as a sample of the 'shallow profound', while Johnson grumbled to Boswell that the author did not understand his own system, and was himself a grammatical castaway. These contradictions almost justify a perplexed biographer in taking refuge behind the comfortable ruling that he is not bound to do more than set forth correctly the conditions in which a work of art is produced. The fact, however, seems to be that *Hermes* is a very scholarly and sincere production; but inexorably rigid and academic. It nevertheless brought its author a deserved reputation for solidity of learning. And besides being a treasury of out-of-the-way quotation, it is undoubtedly a prolonged protest against 'the bigoted contempt of everything not modern', and a serious defence of the neglected wisdom of the ancients.

Those who can refer to the not-very-accessible file of the *Covent Garden Journal* will discover, at no great distance from the number containing its friendly notice of *Hermes*, or on April 14 following, a leader entitled 'A Dialogue at Tunbridge Wells between a Philosopher and a Fine Lady'. This has a curious air of relationship to the dialogues Harris contributed to Sarah Fielding's sequel to *David Simple*. It is initialed 'J' (James ?), and may well

be Harris's return for the *Journal* article; but the only printed effort which can be definitely assigned to Harris in the next ten years is a negligible 'Fragment of Chaucer' in the fifth volume of Dodsley's *Collection*, 1758. The same volume, however, contains a batch of epigrams from Martial which are dedicated 'To James Harris, Esq.' in the following not inapt imitation of Bk. iv, Ep. 87, on Apollinaris:

> Wou'dst thou, by Attic taste approv'd,
> By all be read, by all be lov'd,
> To learned Harris' curious eye,
> By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply.
> In him the perfect judge you'll find,
> In him the candid friend, and kind.
> If he repeats, if he approves,
> If he the laughing muscles moves,
> Thou nor the critic's sneer shal'st mind,
> Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd,
> If he condemns, away you fly,
> And mount in paper kites the sky,
> Or dead 'mongst Grub Street's records lye.

The writer of these verses was the Rev. John Hoadly, Chancellor of Winchester and youngest son of that portly and prosperous prelate, painted by Hogarth, who, from 1723 to 1734, presided over the Episcopal palace in Sarum Close, and, with his family, must have been well known to the dwellers at St. Ann's Gate. John Hoadly is now chiefly remembered by the couplets he wrote to 'moralize' Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*; and by the epitaph, often erroneously attributed to his father, which he composed for Sarah Fielding's memorial in the Abbey Church at Bath. Though, as became a bishop's son, he was a pluralist, he had also, like

his brother, the author of *The Suspicious Husband*, strong dramatic instincts ; and he was of sufficient literary importance in 1757 to be invited to collect contributions for his friend Dodsley. It is evident also from his letter to the publisher in October of that year [1] that among those he sent in was the Chaucerian fragment of his friend Mr. Harris.

When Harris composed the solitary dramatic piece referred to in the Malmesbury correspondence as ' a Pastoral, called *Damon and Amaryllis* ',[2] does not appear. But three letters from Garrick to the author in 1762 make it plain that ' Roscius ' had visited Harris at Salisbury, and that the main object of the production of the piece at Drury Lane, then in hot rivalry with Covent Garden, was to secure the début in the metropolis of ' Master Norris ', a pupil of Arne and a chorister at Salisbury Cathedral, in whose fortunes Harris was greatly interested. Garrick duly brought out the pastoral on September 22, 1762, in which year it was printed under the title of *The Spring*. By this date, however, Harris had entered public life. Hitherto he had lived quietly in the house in the Close, with occasional migration to a country-box among the Avon trout-streams which he possessed at Durnford Magna, two and a half miles from Amesbury, and to which he resorted for closer study and seclusion. ' His time ', says his son, ' was divided between the care of his family, in which he placed his chief happiness, his literary pursuits, and the society of his friends and neighbours. . . . The superior taste and skill which he possessed in music, and his extreme fondness for hearing it, led him to attend to its

[1] *Dodsley's Col ection of Poetry, &c.*, by W. P. Courtney, 1910, pp. 102–3.

[2] *Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury, &c.*, 1870, i, p. 85.

cultivation in his native place with uncommon pains and success, insomuch that under his auspices . . . the Annual Musical Festival in Salisbury flourished beyond most institutions of the kind.' He often adapted selections from Italian and German composers to words from the Bible and *Paradise Lost*. Sometimes the settings were by himself, and several of these were subsequently issued in two volumes by Joseph Corfe, the Cathedral organist. Others, when Lord Malmesbury wrote, were still in manuscript.

In 1761, this ordered round of days was partially interrupted. By the interest of his first cousin, Mr. Edward Hooper, Chairman of the Board of Customs, Harris was elected M.P. for Christchurch, Hants—a borough which Mr. Hooper had himself represented for many years, and which his successor retained for the rest of his life.[1] When Harris entered Parliament the Bute Ministry was drawing to a close; and after the Peace of Paris, so dexterously engineered by the Duc de Nivernais, came the short-lived Government of George Grenville. Harris was an adherent of Grenville, under whose auspices he, for a brief space, became first a Lord of the Admiralty and then a Lord of the Treasury; and with Grenville, he went out of office. During this period he was much in London attending conscientiously to his official and parliamentary duties. He took no great part in debates, and never became inoculated with the virus of party spirit. He still contrived, whenever he returned to Salisbury, to maintain his old traditions as a county magnate,

[1] 'Who is this Harris?' asked Charles Townshend (Bute's Secretary at War), when the new Member took his seat. 'He has written on grammar and virtue,' was the reply. 'He will find neither here,' rejoined the wit. But this was in 1761!

and continued his preparations for a new, but uncompleted, philosophical work on the Logic of his favourite Aristotle. It has been said that his own contributions to the Malmesbury Correspondence are few and far between. On the other hand, the series is greatly enlivened by the epistles of his wife to her son, which begin in 1763, not long after Grenville had taken office. James Harris the younger, having spent three years at school in the Close, had passed to Winchester, and thence at seventeen to Merton College, where he idled away his time as a gentleman commoner in the hazardous companionship of Charles Fox. On June 13 his mother writes her first letter to him, and the correspondence, with some intermissions, continued until October 1780, a short time before her death. To give any adequate account of this prolonged and exceptional sequence of letters would be difficult, and at this date they are sadly in want of annotation. According to the editor, the political details are unusually trustworthy. But the political history of the time has been written by the Greens and Gairdners; what is not written by them is the picturesque story of its social and domestic life. This Mrs. Harris, in so far as it comes within her sphere of observation, relates effectively.

Her note, as will be seen, is struck from the outset. One of the earliest letters is dated from Pall Mall, and describes 'a most agreeable expedition on the Thames'. The party go in a common wherry from Whitehall to Pepper Alley stairs by London Bridge, where they re-embark in the Admiralty barge—'a commodious and highly finished thing'—for Greenwich. Here they visit the College, and all to be seen there, 'which is St. George's Hall, the Chapel and the Royal Charles ward'. Thence they go on

to Woolwich, where they are shown the 'gun-warren', the laboratory, and the models of ships. After this they dine at Greenwich on the smallest fish they ever saw, called whitebait, in a 'charming place in the open air which commanded a fine view of the Thames'. But there are drawbacks to these delights. The Admiralty barge cannot shoot the bridge at low water, and they eventually have to land and trudge home through the Borough.

A later letter is divided between the great storm of 1763 (when, according to the *Annual Register*, there were hailstones ten inches in circumference (?)) and a visit to the Queen's Palace to inquire after the newly arrived Duke of York and Bishop of Osnaburg,[1] where there is cake and caudle for the callers, and Lady Weymouth (the Duchess of Portland's daughter) and the Duchess of Ancaster sit 'knotting' with 'a knotting-bag hanging on their left arm'. Then Mrs. Harris takes Gertrude and Louisa to see Arthur Murphy's farce of *The Upholsterer* at Covent Garden, where also Garrick's young rival, Powell (in Garrick's absence on the Continent), is making hay by mimicking the great man's manner and mannerisms. Powell is playing Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* with Mrs. Yates, always a favourite with the Salisbury coterie. In another letter they are watching the Lord Mayor's Show, as well as they are able, from their Whitehall windows, and they also see the baby Princes held up to public view when King George goes in his new coach to open Parliament. Then comes the

[1] This episcopal dignity came to Frederick Augustus in his helpless cradle, and prompted the following anecdote in a subsequent letter. At the oratorio of *Nabal*, the Princess Dowager asked Lord Tyrawly for the story. His Lordship, not being strong in Biblical study, suggested that she should consult the Bishop of Osnaburg!

revival in November of the *North Briton* scandal and the duel of Wilkes and Martin in Hyde Park. This is succeeded by what must have been a further apparition in the House of Commons of Pitt, 'on his crutches with his legs swathed in flannel, but whether 'tis gout or only to move compassion I will not pretend to say'. These are but the random pickings of the half-year ended December 1763, and it may be guessed how rich are the seventeen years that follow.

In 1765 the Grenville Government went out, and at the end of the summer term Mrs. Harris's son leaves Merton and in September goes to Leyden, where Wilkes and Charles Townshend—to say nothing of Fielding and Goldsmith—had been before him. He attends the *lectiones* of Pestel and Runkenius respectively—the latter on universal history, the former on Grotius's *De Jure Belli et Pacis*. The language of Runkenius is 'rather low, and filled with German idioms' (the young man reports); but he is far more interesting than Pestel. At Leyden he makes considerable progress in Dutch, and is daily improving in French. He stays a year at Leyden and subsequently travels on the Continent until, in 1768, he is appointed by Lord Shelburne, Secretary of Embassy at Madrid, thus beginning his brilliant diplomatic career. While he is at Madrid his mother's letters are resumed. The 'Wilkes and Liberty' Riots, and the free fight (of both sexes) over the election of a Master of the Ceremonies at Bath *vice* Derrick deceased, are salient topics; but the only occurrence which concerns the elder Harris in particular is the private production in the chapel-room at Salisbury of 'a Pastorale and a Play'. The pastorale is clearly *The Spring* of 1762, and the play, which Mrs. Harris omits

to name, must have been that marmoreal *Creusa, Queen of Athens*, which Laureate Whitehead had based on the *Ion* of Euripides, and brought out at Drury Lane in 1754. The Queen (Mrs. Pritchard's original part) was a local notability, Miss Wyndham —as fine as silver trimmings and diamonds could make her. Miss Gertrude Harris was the priestess of the piece, in a costume taken from the antique under the superintendence of Pope's editor, Dr. Joseph Warton, then Head Master of Winchester. It was ' not designed by either milliners or mantua-makers ' but ' quite simple and elegant, only fastened by a row of large pearls round the waist '. On her head she wore ' a kind of white veil, and round it a wreath of Alexandrian laurel '. This, in an anachronistic age which decorated its theatrical Catos with Ramillies wigs and clothed its Lears in flowered dressing-gowns, was certainly a move in that right direction to be later inaugurated at Drury Lane by Philip de Loutherbourg. Miss Louisa Harris took the part of Thyrsus (Ilyssus ?); but we are expressly told that all the ' *lady* gentlemen ' (for there were apparently no male performers) acted in ' Eastern dresses with long robes '. The scenes, ' a Temple of Delphi ' and ' a laurel Grove ', were painted in part by Gertrude Harris, which discloses a fresh accomplishment in this gifted family. How the whole eventually went off is, however, not related, for they were only rehearsing when Mrs. Harris wrote; but we learn incidentally that the stage was nearly three feet high, and that there was room for between forty and fifty spectators, as well as space for the orchestra (led by Dr. Stevens) required for the pastorale, in which Gertrude sang a song ' very sweetly and in tune ', her mother thought, though Louisa (who was a pupil of

Sacchini !) likened her sister's efforts to those of a piping bullfinch.

This was all in 1770 ; and for the next ten years the chronicle continues to be what, for our purpose, can only be regarded as irrelevant chit-chat. There is plenty of gossip about Ranelagh and the Pantheon ; about Bach's concerts and Handel's oratorios ; about further theatricals at Salisbury, at Winterslow (Lord Holland's),[1] and at Wilton (Lord Pembroke's) ; about the Perreau and Kingston trials, and—it must be admitted—about a good deal more that Mr. Charles Yellowplush might justly denominate 'fash'nable nollidge'. But the record is barren in direct biographical details. The chief of those given are the election of the younger Harris as Member for Christchurch, where he became his father's colleague ; and his transfer from Madrid in February 1772 as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Berlin. In 1774 Mr. Harris, senior, was appointed Comptroller and Secretary to Queen Charlotte. It was a place, says his wife, more of honour than of profit. Nevertheless, it was an appointment he greatly valued. It was conferred on him with much flourish of compliment, and he retained it until the end of his life. Walpole refers to it as follows : 'Old Hermes of Salisbury, father of Harris at Berlin, is made Her Majesty's Secretary *à la* Guildford'[2]—words which imply some obscure reservation. Another occurrence belonging to this period is the publication of Harris's third work, *Philosophical Arrangements*, to which reference has already been made. As this performance comes

[1] Winterslow House was burned down in 1774 after one of these performances.

[2] Toynbee's *Walpole's Letters*, 1904, viii. 406, 409.

distinctly within the category of those achievements which its author himself describes as 'abstruse', and which Byron would assuredly have classified as 'craggy',[1] it will be sufficient to copy here Lord Malmesbury's brief account of it: 'It contains . . . a part only of a larger work that he [the author] had meditated, but did not finish, upon the Peripatetic Logic. So far as relates to the *Arrangement* of Ideas, it is complete; but it has other objects also in view. It combats with great force and ability the atheistical doctrines of Chance and Materialism—doctrines which have been lately [1801] revived in France, under the specious garb of modern philosophy, and issuing from thence have overspread a great part of Europe; destroying the happiness of mankind by subverting, in every part of their progress, the foundations of morality and religion.'

This *ultra*-Aristotelian work appeared in 1775, when Harris had passed his grand climacteric. During the last few years of his life he was engaged on a fourth book which, although printed under his superintendence, was not published until after his death. It is, no less, the most attractive of his productions both in style and subject; and it is possible to study it without being endowed with any inordinate appetite for the profound. It is in fact a retrospective notebook of his previous philological studies, aiming at conclusions rather than arguments, and illustrations rather than demonstrations. It was also, like *Tom Jones*, in some sort designed as a monument of the author's affection towards many of his intimate friends. Lowth's 'admirable tract' on the grammar of the English language is naturally commended; there is a carefully-phrased eulogium of Garrick's acting; Lillo's

[1] Oddly enough Harris himself uses this very word.

Fatal Curiosity is approvingly analysed; Fielding's parti-coloured experiences of life are turned to the advantage of his masterpieces;[1] while Lyttelton's history and Mrs. Montagu's criticism have each their word of recognition. Both the Wartons are duly honoured, as are Tyrwhitt and Upton, nor are Reynolds and 'Athenian' Stuart forgotten, and there are quotations from the *Scribleriad* of Richard Owen Cambridge. But in addition to all this, the book is a fertile browsing-ground for the philologist at grass. Even Johnson (who was not kind to the author) must have been gratified to find his Dictionary adequately appraised by a competent judge; and we know from Tom Tyers that, while the great man owned he 'had hardly ever read a book through', 'the posthumous volumes of Mr. Harris of Salisbury (which treated of subjects which were connected with his own professional studies) had attractions which engaged him to the end'. The 'posthumous volumes' were the *Philological Inquiries* of 1781.[2]

Notwithstanding all this, the recorded particulars of Harris's intercourse with the above notabilities are neither very definite nor very plentiful. Present in many places, he is always a little in the back-

[1] Harris does not mention Richardson, though, from letters printed by Mrs. Barbauld, they must have been known to each other.

[2] It should be noted that Johnson, although in some contrary moment which 'raised his corruption', he called Harris 'a prig' to Boswell and 'a coxcomb' to Mrs. Thrale, was quite capable of taking his part if needful; and when Cradock said that *Hermes* was too 'heavy', he replied 'it was; but a work of that kind must be heavy'. And then Cradock told him the ridiculous story of the dull man who mistook *Hermes* for an imitation of *Tristram Shandy*. At which Johnson might well be justified in laughing his loudest.

ground, a courteous, deferential figure, never pressing itself into prominence. We get fleeting glimpses of him in the pages of Boswell. In April 1775 he was at Cambridge's pleasant house in the Twickenham meadows when Johnson and Reynolds came to dine there; but little is related of him on this occasion, save that he paid Johnson many compliments on his recently published *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*—compliments in which Mrs. Harris, who was with him, cannot have participated. Johnson failed to impress that punctilious county-lady, and she emphatically said so. His conversation, she admits, was the same as his writing; but his voice and manner were 'dreadful'. He was amusing, but not benevolent; 'awkward beyond all expression'; unpleasant (she uses cruder terms) in his dress and person, and a 'ferocious' and 'unthankful' feeder. Boswell she regarded as a 'low-bred kind of being'. Three years later we meet Harris again at an after-dinner reception at Sir Joshua's, chatting amicably in a corner with Garrick and Johnson (the latter in the best of post-prandial humours) about Potter's *Aeschylus* and translation and versification generally; but Boswell again allows him to say nothing very memorable beyond remarking that 'the chief excellence of our language is numerous prose'—a sentiment which should commend itself to Mr. George Saintsbury. Hannah More assisted at this gathering of greatness, which contained, she says, 'scarce an expletive man or woman among them'. Harris must have been also well known to Mrs. Thrale, for she includes him in that queer tabular character-sketch of her masculine Streatham habitués, which she drew up for her own satisfaction. In this 'computing of abilities', she gives Harris

maximum marks for scholarship, awarding him one mark more than Johnson. On the other hand, he gets but 'duck's-eggs' for wit and humour.[1] Harris's whole-hearted admirer, however, is Fanny Burney. 'He is a most charming old man,' she says, 'and I like him amazingly.' 'He is at the same time learned and polite, intelligent and humble.' On his womenkind she is not equally expansive. Mrs. Harris is 'nothing extraordinary'—'a so-so sort of woman'; and Miss Louisa Harris, though admittedly 'modest, reserved, and sensible', is credited with a 'bad figure', and is 'not handsome'. It is only polite to suppose that in these last respects Miss Burney was more than usually short-sighted.

Little remains to be said regarding Mr. Harris of Salisbury beyond the facts that he was painted by Romney[2] and Highmore, and modelled in wax by Isaac Gosset; that he was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and a Trustee of the British Museum. For the concluding years of his life his chief occupation must have been his *Philological Inquiries*. His health, never robust, gradually declined. During the Gordon Riots he was safe at Salisbury; but one of his last acts in London was to view the great mansion which Stuart had built in Portman Square for Mrs. Montagu. 'I never saw so complete a sample of Grecian architecture,' he tells his son in November 1780. On December 22 following, placid and equable to the end, he died in the old house in which, seventy-one years before, he had been born. He was buried in the north aisle of the Cathedral, where lay many of his ances-

[1] The reader may smile at Mrs. Thrale in judgement on the scholarship of two such men. But she had studied Latin, logic, and rhetoric under Arthur Collier.

[2] In the National Portrait Gallery.

tors, and where there is a monument to his memory. His wife did not long survive him. She died at Bath on October 16, 1781. His daughter Louisa lived on to May 1826; and at the date of his death his distinguished son, having married the youngest daughter of Sir George Amyand, had passed from Berlin to St. Petersburg as Ambassador to the Court of Catherine II, and become a Knight of the Bath.[1]

Sufficient evidence of the social and domestic good qualities of the author of *Hermes* has been given in the course of this paper. Of his literary status it is less easy to speak. His chief ambition—an ambition he fully realized—was to earn the reputation of a Man of Learning; his chief drawback, an oppressive display of erudition. He himself admits the multiplicity of his quotations. He was too earnest a student to be a mere amateur; too matter-of-fact and methodical to mitigate, for the benefit of the generality, what one of his descendants candidly calls 'the dry philosophy of his works'. Yet it is insisted by his son that he was in no sense pedantic; that he was generously communicative of his stores of information; that, as a critic, he sought more for beauties than defects, and that he was rather indulgent than otherwise in the case of honest efforts that failed of their intention. To those specialists who are concerned with the abstract and formal discussions in which he delighted, his labours must always be of value. To the rest he might, in the spirit of that motto from Pindar which Gray prefixed to his *Odes*, fairly reply that he only professed to be 'vocal to the intelligent'.

[1] Some data, here and elsewhere, are derived from the notes of Mr. T. H. Baker of Salisbury, obligingly communicated by his daughter, Miss Frances Baker.

THE JOURNEYS OF JOHN HOWARD

In a letter from Paris, dated May 11, 1775, and printed in the Malmesbury Correspondence, occurs the following passage: 'I saw a day or two since a Mr. Howard, who with a very patriotic principle is here visiting the different jails of this city, in order to bring in a Bill into the House of Commons for the better regulation of English jails. . . . After he has done with France he purposes visiting Holland, and I make no doubt but that England will reap the benefit of his extraordinary tour, as he seems a man of strong sense and observation, and great perseverance.'[1] There is no further reference to Howard in this series of letters; but on the left side of the choir in St. Paul's is his later effigy by John Bacon, R.A. Although it enjoys the distinction of being the first statue admitted to the Cathedral, it affords but little idea what manner of man Howard was in the flesh, since, after the misguided fashion of the time, he masquerades in a classic costume, with shock hair, broken shackles at his feet, and a key in his right hand. It is no doubt owing to this last emblem that, by those whom Addison would classify as 'country gentlemen', he has sometimes, at first, been mistaken for St. Peter.[2] For more precise

[1] *Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury*, &c., 1870, i. 304. The writer was the Rev. Dr. Jeans, Chaplain to the British Embassy at Paris.

[2] Its pendant is a statue of Johnson in the same taste, by the same sculptor, and has been happily described as resembling 'a retired gladiator meditating upon a wasted life'.

information as to his actual appearance, you must go to Mather Brown's picture in the National Portrait Gallery, which represents him as a plainly clad, hard-featured personage, with cannon curls, compressed lips, an aquiline nose, and a 'dour' expression which is accentuated in the print by Edmund Scott.[1] From this unpromising material must be constructed the bodily presentment of one of the most steadfast, strenuous, and untiring of English philanthropists.

John Howard's life-story, compared with his life-work, here the chief theme, bulks so small that his early days may be briefly dismissed. Though date and locality are not free from doubt, it is generally believed that he was born at Hackney in September 1726. His father was an upholsterer in that emporium of old clothes, Long Lane, Smithfield. His mother died early, and after seven years at a Hertford school in which, by his own account, he was very imperfectly instructed, he had some further tuition at Newington Green under John Eames, F.R.S., from whom he perhaps derived a bias to scientific pursuits. He was then apprenticed to a wholesale grocer in Watling Street, a privilege for which his father paid £700. The elder Howard, dying shortly after, was opulent enough to leave his son and daughter comfortably off, a circumstance which enabled the former, on coming of age, to buy himself out of his indentures, and recruit his health by starting on a Continental tour. When he returned, he settled at Stoke Newington, where he had a long spell of nervous fever, through which he was assiduously nursed by his landlady, a widow named Loidore or Lardeau, herself an invalid. In spite of

[1] Charles Lamb, who did not like Howard, calls it 'sourness'. But 'dourness' is the juster word.

the fact that she was more than double his age, gratitude, coupled with a highly-developed sense of duty, prompted him to offer her marriage. Being a woman of good sense, she seems, in all sincerity, to have discouraged his advances; but as he persisted, she finally yielded. For more than two years they lived happily. Then her death, in November 1755, broke up her husband's relations with Stoke Newington and once more turned him restlessly to foreign wanderings. The Lisbon earthquake, and the distress of the sufferers by that catastrophe, stirred his imagination; and, early in 1756, he embarked for the Portuguese capital in the *Hanover* packet. The *Hanover* packet, however, was seized by a French privateer, and carried into Brest. This cannot but be regarded as a memorable incident in Howard's career. At Brest, at Morlaix, and at Carhaix successively, he had practical acquaintance with the unspeakable privations of the hapless prisoners of war, of whom to-day we hear so much; and, although his obvious integrity appears to have persuaded his captors to release him on parole, and his subsequent exertions at home eventually procured the liberation of his companions in misfortune, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the events of this time insensibly sowed the seed of that obstinate crusade which, when the fitting opportunity arrived, became the ruling purpose of his life.

In 1756, however, this psychologically appropriate moment had not been reached. He returned to his old occupations; and there is nothing to chronicle but the fact that, on some slender scientific pretensions, he was elected a member of the Royal Society. He took up his abode at Cardington, a village about two miles south-east of Bedford, where much of his childhood had been spent; and busied himself with

the cultivation of a small property there which he had inherited from his father. In April 1758 he married again, his second wife being a Miss Henrietta Leeds, the daughter of a gentleman of Cambridge. It is recorded that his somewhat doctrinaire habit of mind led him to stipulate that in matters of domestic differences (if any) he should have the final word—a preliminary to which the lady unaccountably assented. Their union was happy, but brief. Although Mrs. Howard (like her predecessor) was a churchwoman, and her husband a dissenter, they got on excellently; and she fully sympathized in all his projects and improvements. Her health, however, failed, and after ineffectually moving to Lymington for change, she died suddenly at Cardington on March 31, 1765, having previously given birth to a son.[1]

For the next seven or eight years Howard's life was comparatively barren of incident. It was chiefly spent at Cardington, where he continued to improve his patrimony, educating his tenants in thrift and sanitation, and gradually transforming what had been an unhealthy district into a model village. The Lord of the Manor, Mr. Samuel Whitbread, was a connexion of Mrs. Howard; and both he and his wife, a daughter of Lord Cornwallis, became Howard's devoted friends, co-operating heartily in all beneficent schemes for the amelioration of the neighbourhood. Howard's health, never good, involved

[1] Howard's son, also John Howard, plays but a fitful part in the biography of his much-occupied father, who, in spite of some now wholly-discredited tradition, was deeply attached to him. He was carefully educated; but about 1785 he became incurably insane. He survived his father nine years. (The subject is fully examined in chap. iii of the valuable life of Howard contributed by Bishop Gibson to Methuen's 'Oxford Biographies'.)

frequent visits to Bath, the Bristol Hot Wells, and other watering places. These excursions he varied by swallow flights to the Continent. In 1770 we hear of him at Geneva ; at Paris (which he found as dirty as Evelyn did), and in clean Holland, his 'favourite country'. At Rome he saw Pope Clement XIV, which 'worthy good man' dispensed him from the un-British homage of kneeling ; and he had again, after twenty years, a 'full strong view' of the Young Pretender—the once 'bonnie Prince Charlie'—now grown to look 'a mere sot—very stupid, dull, and bending double'. He also climbed Vesuvius, and took the temperature of the crater, which he afterwards made the subject of a paper for the Royal Society. Towards 1772 he was much interested in a new meeting-house at Bedford. But it was not until 1773, when he was in his forty-seventh year, that a definite purpose was given to his life by his appointment as High Sheriff of the County of Bedford.

At this date prison life in England had reached its lowest stage. A prison is not supposed a paradise—still less 'an hermitage' ; but the eighteenth-century place of confinement must have been in reality what Bunyan, a century before, had styled his jail upon the Ouse, a 'Den'—and that of the worst description. In it, young and old, hale and sick, pure and impure, innocent and guilty, were herded and huddled, without distinction or occupation ; and here, for the most trivial offences, on the vaguest evidence, they were detained indefinitely, in order to satisfy the exorbitant claims for fees made by rapacious wardens and turnkeys. They were exposed to the most wanton cruelty, systematically starved, savagely punished, and ruthlessly exposed to the dangers of infection. Not a few of them

became imbecile or insane, while others succumbed to the terrible distemper generated by the total neglect of sanitary precautions. Some well-meaning attempts at bettering this deplorable state of things had indeed been made. In 1702 the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had drawn up a tentative 'Essay towards ye Reformation of Newgate and ye other Prisons in and about London'; and in 1728–9, Oglethorpe's Parliamentary Committee [1] had exposed the indescribable barbarities of the Fleet-warden, Bambridge, without much more visible result than an addition to Thomson's *Winter*, in which the Commissioners were apostrophized as the 'generous few' who 'redressive sought'

> Into the Horrors of the gloomy Jail,
> Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans;
> Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,
> And poor Misfortune feels the Lash of Vice,[2]

and so forth, in the poet's highly 'personified' blank verse. Hogarth had graphically pilloried prison-life in his two *Progresses*; Fielding's irony had bitten it deeply into the opening chapters of *Amelia*; and Goldsmith, in his *Vicar*, anticipating the *Delitti e Pene* of Beccaria, had incidentally touched on possibilities of reform. What was more, in February 1773, Mr. Popham, M.P. for Taunton, had so far materialized the question as to introduce a categorical 'Bill for the relief of prisoners . . . in the respect of payment of fees'; but after a second reading it was dropped for that year. Thus the Golden Age of

[1] Hogarth's picture of a sitting of this Commission now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, to which it was presented by Lord Carlisle in 1892.

[2] Thomson's *Works*, 1738, i. 219.

the Jailer continued to flourish ; and it was at this juncture that Howard interposed.

Apart from the Brest episode of seventeen years earlier, he had hitherto had no particular experience of the question which now gradually became his abiding ambition—namely, the inspection and amelioration of prison-life all over the world. But he was not the man to be in any case what Lord Beaconsfield called a 'decorative inutility'; and his first assize as a Sheriff opened his eyes widely to conditions of which he had previously had no conception. He found, for example, that persons duly acquitted on trial were still detained in confinement for fees due to the prison authorities ; and that these fees often exceeded the amounts for which they had been originally locked up. Further, that needful articles of clothing were often impounded in default of payment. To remedy these hardships, he applied in his official capacity to the justices of the county for a salary to the jailer in place of the obnoxious exactions. 'The bench [his own words are here quoted] were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I therefore rode into several neighbouring counties in search of a precedent ; but I soon learned that the same injustice was practised in them ; and looking into the prisons, I beheld scenes of calamity which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate. In order therefore to gain a more perfect knowledge of the particulars and extent of it, by various and accurate observation, I visited most of the *County-Gaols* in England.' [1]

These plain and unpretentious words usher in

[1] *The State of the Prisons in England and Wales*, &c., 1777, p. 2.

a record of activities which, in reality, was only closed by the writer's death. The ground he covered in the visits so briefly described was exceptional, and the rapidity of his movements, at that date, almost incredible. On the Continental excursions, with which from time to time he varied his English tours, he generally slept in the German travelling carriage he had bought ; but in England the common post-chaise of the period, from its frequent haltings at prison doors, became so noisome that he was at last obliged to take exclusively to the saddle. How he escaped infection from the almost universal small-pox and jail-fever, to say nothing of the historical perils of the eighteenth-century highway, is nothing short of miraculous. Often he penetrated into places where even the keepers shrank from following in his steps. The pestilential atmosphere affected his wearing-apparel, involving constant changes ; his very notebook grew foul and tainted, and his solitary disinfectant—a phial of vinegar—inoperative and offensive. Nothing but his scrupulous cleanliness and the Spartan simplicity of his dietary, generally confined to bread and milk, can have protected him. But in order to avoid discontent and dispute, it was his custom, at all houses of call, to pay for food which he himself did not eat ; while his confidential attendant, Thomasson, and his endless postilions, &c., were always permitted to take their ease in their inn, whatever happened to their ascetic and inflexible employer.

Those who are curious as to what he saw, and the farther he went the more he discovered, must consult his own faithful and unshrinking records. But a few instances may be given here. At Nottingham he found that the poorer prisoners slept in damp ' dug-outs ' forty-seven steps down, cut in the sandy rock ;

at Wolverhampton the premises were so ruinous that, in order to prevent the escape of those confined, they had to be kept in irons ; at Gloucester for men and women there was but ' one small day room ', twelve feet by eleven. At Ely, as insecure as Wolverhampton, it had been the practice to chain the inmates to the floor on their backs, with a spiked iron collar about their necks, and a heavy bar over their legs. At Exeter county jail, it is recorded, there was ' no chimney, no courtyard, no water, no sewer '. But if at Exeter this last convenience was wanting, in another case it ran *uncovered* through the damp, earth-floored den. This was at Knaresborough in Yorkshire, where Howard heard a loathly story of an officer, who, shut up for a few days as a town debtor, took a dog with him to defend him from vermin. ' The dog was soon destroyed, and the Prisoner's face much disfigured by them.' [1] At Plymouth there were two small chambers for felons. One of these—the ' Clink '—was solely lighted and ventilated by a wicket in the door, seven inches by five, and to this contracted breathing-hole three prisoners under sentence of transportation ' came by turns for air '. At Gosport, Newport, Portsmouth, and Southampton the jails were equally horrible and evil-smelling, while at Horsham Bridewell the wretched captives had but one room, with the result that the keeper himself had died of the distemper. Other houses of correction revealed similar enormities. There were stories of prisoners who were, or had become, insane ; of hopeless lunatics hidden for years in subterranean cells. And overcrowding, bad air, starvation, and cruelty were not the only or the worst defects of the prevailing system, which, where money was obtainable and the keepers ' in a con-

[1] *The State of the Prisons*, &c., 1777, p. 410.

catenation accordingly', favoured and fostered all kinds of intemperance, immorality, gambling, and profanity. But for the present purpose it is time to cry 'Enough'.

To these horrors, however, during the period of their first collection, Howard had two important intermissions. One arose out of the reintroduction of Mr. Popham's Bill of 1773; and, on this occasion, Howard, fresh from his interrupted inquiries, was examined by a Parliamentary Committee. His unique personality and his evidence made a remarkable impression on those who heard him; and he was eventually summoned to the Bar of the House of Commons to receive their thanks for his valuable communications, an honour of which he afterwards showed his sense in the Dedication of his first book. Popham's Bill, it may be added, with another, became law; but unhappily failed of its object; and it was actually left to Howard to circulate copies of the new Acts at his own cost to the different jails in the United Kingdom, where they were either evaded or disregarded. The other brief distraction from his philanthropic journeyings was his standing as a candidate for the borough of Bedford. This may be regarded as a thing to which he was prompted rather than predestined. He had no parliamentary ambition, and the political methods of the day would in all probability have only hindered his contemplated reforms. Consequently it is fortunate that he failed; and that the next best thing happened to him in the return of his connexion and colleague, Mr. Whitbread.

For a year or two more Howard pursued his investigations. Besides visiting most of the jails and bridewells in Great Britain and Ireland he visited France, as mentioned in the opening lines of this

paper, the Austrian Netherlands, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. He was not successful—or perhaps thought it wisest not to succeed—in obtaining admission to the Bastille. In some cases, however, he found the foreign prisons easier of access than those of his own country, as the law permitted charitable persons to visit those confined. On the whole, things were far more satisfactory abroad than at home. There was, in the first place, no jail-fever, which, in apathetic England, had almost come to be regarded as a necessary evil ; there was less drunkenness, and though there was dirt and terrible torture, he had seen things as bad already. By the close of 1776 he had practically completed the collection of his material, and begun to think of print. Matter-of-fact and careful, he was without literary experience ; but after receiving some assistance in arranging and co-ordinating his facts, he carried his manuscripts to Warrington in Lancashire, where there was a press at which he had decided to have his book set up, and where, moreover, resided his friend Dr. John Aikin (Mrs. Barbauld's brother), from whom he looked to receive much valuable advice.

His life at Warrington was as characteristically methodical as any part of his career. He took lodgings near the printers, and devoted himself exclusively to the production of the book. Rising at two, he corrected proofs until seven. He then breakfasted. At eight he went to the office, where he remained until one, the dinner-hour of the workmen. He then went back to his lodgings for a frugal meal of bread and raisins or other dried fruit, generally eaten during some pedestrian expedition in the outskirts of the little Lancashire town, and afterwards washed down with a glass of water. Once more visiting the printing office, he remained there

until it closed, when he repaired to Dr. Aikin's to go with him through any sheets which might have been composed during the day. If this were not requisite, he spent an hour with some other friend, or returned quietly to his simple supper and early rest, ending always, as it had been his practice to do throughout his journeys, with family prayers, often with no other audience than his already-mentioned servant Thomasson.[1]

In this way the time passed until April 1777, when, under the title of *The State of the Prisons in England and Wales, with Preliminary Observations, and an Account* of *Some Foreign Prisons*, the book, in its first form, was published from Warrington as a quarto volume. Pecuniary profit being in no wise Howard's aim, there was no subscription list; and he fixed the price so low that, in Dr. Aikin's opinion, 'had every copy been sold, he would still have presented the public with all the plates, and great part of the printing,'[2] while he distributed the book freely to 'most of the considerable persons in the kingdom, and to all his own particular friends.'[3] By the public it was naturally received with the welcome which his disinterested labours and decision of character had already bespoken. He rightly regarded his efforts as means to an end for which he could only pave the way. It has been said that he was a practical rather than a philosophic reformer; but he knew his limitations; and he was content with the subordinate position of pioneer. Indeed, with the self-suppressing caution of those *qui ont horreur de se surfaire*, he habitually described himself as 'the *plodder*, who goes about to collect materials for men

[1] Brown's *Memoirs*, &c., 2nd ed., 1823, pp. 208–9.
[2] Aikin, as quoted by Brown, p. 210.
[3] Brown, p. 220.

of genius to make use of ',[1] and those who catch sagaciously at the admissions of modesty will doubtless welcome the superficial aptness of a characterization which really goes no further than is justified by the initial stages of a large ambition. What he was doing, was to lay the ground solidly for the labourers of the future ; and he had common sense enough to foresee that, as in most diseases, what had long existed would probably take long to cure.

The dedication to the House of Commons had been dated from Cardington, and for a short time he seems to have rested from his labours in his Bedfordshire home. In August, by the death of his sister, Miss Howard, he came into £15,000 and a house in Great Ormond Street (No. 23). This was a welcome addition to his means, already severely taxed, and even strained, by his heavy expenditure in type and travel ; and it appears that eventually he expended the whole of the money on his philanthropic projects, present and future. Even the Great Ormond Street house was sold, though, if we may judge from a letter addressed to him by Hayley in 1780, he was still resident there at that date. But his Cardington retirement soon came to a close. One of the results of the rupture with the American Colonies had been the substitution of the Thames hulks for transportation ; and the unsatisfactory state of these 'earthly hells' had early arrested his attention. He had, indeed, been aware of it before *The State of the Prisons* appeared ; but he had magnanimously refrained from animadverting on a condition of things which was obviously only in the making. In April 1778, however, he was called upon to give evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons on the subject, and he unflinchingly

[1] Aikin, as quoted by Brown, p. 607.

exposed what he regarded as the defects of the system, with the result that, though the idea was not abandoned, several salutary and material alterations were decided upon, with the carrying out of which Howard and two colleagues were entrusted. This, however, belongs to a later date. Two days after his appearance before the Committee, Howard started on another foreign tour which occupied the remainder of the year. At Amsterdam he was so unfortunate as to be knocked down by a runaway horse, and thrown on a heap of stones. This brought on an inflammatory fever, which laid him up at The Hague for more than six weeks. As soon as he recovered, he began a minute inspection of the famous Rasp- and Spin-Houses at Amsterdam and other kindred institutions in Holland. The Rasphuis —it should perhaps be mentioned—was a penitentiary for prisoners not convicted of capital crimes, who were generally employed in what Evelyn calls the ' very hard labour ' of rasping Brazil and Campeachy wood into powder for dyeing purposes; the other was a reformatory for women undergoing sentence for offences of greater or less importance.[1] The judicious regulation of both these places much impressed Howard. We next find him in Berlin at the crucial moment when Frederick the Great was fronting the Emperor Joseph over the succession to the vacant Electorate of Bavaria, a disputed question which was bloodlessly solved in the following year by the Treaty of Teschen. From Germany he passed to Austria and Italy, visiting the prisons at Trieste, and the terrible *Piombi* or ' leads ' of the Doge's

[1] There is a graphic description of both these establishments, obviously derived from contemporary material, in Sala's *Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous*, 1863, iii, pp. 127–30.

Palace at Venice, which were said to drive the hapless inmates mad with their unendurable heat.[1] And here may come in a couple of anecdotes which illustrate Howard's uncompromising disposition. When at Prague he was admitted to a Capuchin monastery. Although it was a *jour maigre*, he found that the holy fathers, in manifest defiance of the regulations, were feasting royally. This naturally roused the righteous indignation of their vegetarian visitor. He forthwith scolded them severely and even threatened to report them to the Pope—a threat which brought a deputation of the terrified delinquents next day to his hotel to implore him to stay his hand. This he would not promise to do; but the matter was practically composed by their undertaking solemnly not to offend again.[2] The other anecdote, which belongs to a slightly later date, may be reproduced here because it exhibits Howard's inflexible courage and determination where he held that his just claims were involved. Travelling a certain narrow road in Prussia, it was the rule, for the convenience of passengers, to sound a horn on entering it. Howard had done this, when he encountered a King's courier coming the other way who had neglected the prescribed precaution. Howard therefore flatly refused to turn back; and after sitting some time in their respective conveyances, the courier was forced to withdraw, as

[1] Cf. Byron's 'appalling cells, the "leaden roofs",' in *Marino Faliero*, Act I, sc. II, and Rogers's *Italy*. These references have been thought to be overcharged; and Howard's own matter-of-fact words (as quoted by Stoughton, p. 182) are: 'The rooms for the State prisoners are over part of the palace in the leads, which renders confinement in the heat of summer almost intolerable.'

[2] This anecdote is told on the authority of Howard's servant, Thomasson.

Howard persisted in declining to renounce his rights. It was a perilous victory in an autocratic country; and, in these days, would probably have ended otherwise.

From Italy, where he also visited Rome, Florence, and Naples, he came back again to Holland and France. At Calais and Dunkirk he interested himself in the condition of the English prisoners of war then detained there, an inquiry which led to a corresponding investigation of the treatment of French prisoners in England, in both of which enterprises he was fortunate enough to bring about a better state of things. When he arrived at home early in 1779, he once more occupied himself in prison visiting, travelling again to many prisons in England, Scotland, and Ireland. The result of his inquiries was so far satisfactory as to assure him that his previous labours had not been wholly in vain. In many cases modifications had been made and abuses rectified. When, at the end of the year, he retired to Warrington to prepare the *Appendix* to his book which was published in 1780, he was able to make thankful record of these things. In the matter of jail-fever, in particular, the report was most encouraging. Only one person, indeed, was found to have suffered from it, and that was a criminal in Newgate under sentence of death. These facts, together with the relation of his Continental experiences, were all duly incorporated in the *Appendix*, and they gave great satisfaction to the author. Another matter which occupied him constantly during 1780 was an attempt to carry out the duties imposed on him in regard to the creation of penitentiaries under the Hulks Act of two years earlier. But he was too earnest and independent to work smoothly with temporizing colleagues; and though he was fortunate

in having a staunch ally in his friend Dr. Fothergill, he was unhappy in his third coadjutor, Mr. Whatley, who seems to have been incurably obstructive. The recital of these not uncommon difficulties would be tedious and even hackneyed; but the death of Fothergill finally supplied Howard with a pretext for withdrawing from an impracticable task. This step he accordingly took at the beginning of 1781. The supplementing of the hulks by houses of correction on the Dutch plan, however, fared no better in fresh hands; and finally came to nothing. But Howard's resignation opportunely left him free to follow his own devices.

He was not long in coming to a decision. In May 1781 he started on an extended tour in Northern Europe. Holland, as usual, was first visited; then Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, in which last country he witnessed the horrible effects of punishment by the knout. Keeping strictly to the main object of his journey, and travelling at speed in a light carriage drawn by two horses, which he had bought for fifty roubles (about ten guineas), he made his way to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw, covering many hundred miles of the 'worst country in Europe'. At St. Petersburg he had a fit of ague; and generally, except at Warsaw, had the greatest difficulty in procuring the simple diet on which he depended. Returning by Germany, he passed again through Flanders, and visited the hospital at Bruges. The good sisters asked if he were a Catholic, to which he replied that he loved good people of all religions. 'We hope you will die a Catholic,' was the fervent rejoinder. The ensuing year was spent on home visitations. At Dublin he was made an LL.D., and was gratified by increased Parliamentary activity in the direction of prison discipline. So passed 1782.

In January 1783 Howard once more turned his steps abroad, his next objective (to use a now familiar word) being Spain and Portugal. Travelling in Spain he thought feasible enough, provided the traveller could 'live sparingly and lay on the floor', and he found the countrymen of Don Quixote 'very sober and very honest'. But both in Spain and Portugal he failed to get any intimate acquaintance with the *penetralia* of the Inquisition, although at Madrid he actually offered to submit to confinement for a month to satisfy his curiosity. He was informed that none came out under three years, and that they took the oath of secrecy. 'I need not say [he adds] how horrid the secrecy and severity of it appear;' and he noted that the very sight of the court (from which there was no appeal) seemed to strike terror into the common people as they passed it. At Lille, in returning, he caught a fever when visiting the prisoners at the Tour de St. Pierre; but the end of the year, after some further excursions to jails in England and Ireland, found him at work on a second *Appendix* to his book, and a third or revised edition of the whole work, with which he incorporated his travels since 1777, noting particularly the changes which his efforts had brought about. He was able also to cancel some former censure no longer applicable. This third edition appeared in 1784, and a memorandum printed in a note to Brown's *Memoirs*[1] shows that in the course of his journeys he had covered more than 42,000 miles.

By this date his original scheme of prison inspection was practically completed. But a fresh purpose had begun to excite and absorb his still unwearied energy. In the above-mentioned edition he had incidentally made reference to a subject then

[1] Brown's *Memoirs*, &c., 2nd ed., 1823, p. 651.

exercising many minds—namely, the terrible prevalence of plague and the inadequate and rudimentary character of the precautions observed to check the spread of infection from country to country. After fruitless written attempts to obtain particulars with respect to the different quarantine stations or lazarettos, he at length determined to go and get them himself; and in spite of cautions as to the difficulty and even danger of his enterprise, he set out in November 1785 for Marseilles, as usual via Holland. He had been warned by Lord Carmarthen, Pitt's Foreign Secretary, that he ran a risk of being 'committed to the Bastille'; but his ardour was unquenchable when his mind was made up. Mysterious happenings at Paris, including an unexplained midnight visit from an official with a sword and 'an enormous muff', led him to suspect that he was under surveillance; and, posing discreetly as an English doctor, he went on by Lyons to Marseilles. At Marseilles a Protestant friend gravely counselled him to quit France as quickly as possible as he was manifestly 'wanted', and had only, by good fortune, escaped arrest in the French capital. Nevertheless he persisted in visiting the local lazaretto; and thence, proceeding to Toulon, actually contrived, 'as a Frenchman' (a fact which supposes considerable linguistic capacity and some histrionic power), to obtain, on two occasions, admission to the Arsenal, and this in the face of a strict prohibition especially directed against 'perfidious Albion'. His next aim was Italy. But by this time his local well-wishers were seriously apprehensive as to his safety, and to avoid crossing the frontier he persuaded a Genoese coaster to carry him by sea to his destination. This was effected after sundry moving accidents, not the least of which was a three days' marooning 'in an

almost desolate island, overgrown with myrtle, rosemary, and thyme'. These details are derived from a letter from Nice in January 1786, when its writer was on his way to Genoa and Leghorn, which latter place he reached in the following month. Here the authorities gave him every facility. But he was already beginning to sigh for the pleasant house at Cardington, of which Dr. Stoughton gives a picture in his frontispiece, where he hoped to spend a year or two in quiet before he died. And travelling must have become more irksome, for we learn incidentally that for the moment he had now no servant, and by this time he was sixty.

From Leghorn he went on via Pisa to Florence, noting with satisfaction much improvement since his former visit, and from Florence to Rome. Pius VI had succeeded to the Pontificate and was as indulgent to him as Clement XIV. More than that, he gave him his benediction. 'I know you Englishmen do not value these things, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm.' After Rome came Naples; and after Naples, Malta, where he stayed three weeks. Armed with credentials from Sir William Hamilton, at that time our Ambassador at Naples, he promptly waited on the Grand Master, who received him warmly and at once sent him a propitiatory present of butter. But Howard unfortunately was not able to answer in kind. Being asked his opinion of the arrangements at the famous hospitals, he replied so candidly that, although some definite modifications were made, and his visits were still permitted, he received no more table luxuries. 'So my tea was ever after with dry bread,' he writes laconically in a letter from Zante, whence he purposed sending a barrel of currants to make a Christmas pudding for the Cardington poor. (Zante, it

may be remarked, must have been a paradise of cheapness, for meat was but 2d. a pound !) After making his way from Zante to Smyrna, he finally resolved ' to perform Quarantine himself ', and to this end embarked for Venice (where the first lazaretto had been established) in a ship ' with a *foul* bill '. The voyage as usual was not uneventful. The ship was attacked by a Tunisian privateer, and but for the fortunate havoc wrought by a cannon charged with spike-nails, and said by Aikin to have been pointed by Howard himself, they might all have been carried away to Barbary as slaves.

At Venice Howard seems to have undergone to the full the hardships of primitive quarantine. The so-called ' new lazaretto ' was horribly dirty, full of vermin, and wholly unfurnished. A transfer to the ' old lazaretto ' was no improvement ; and it was only by a third move, and the help of as much lime-wash as he could procure, that he was able to restore his health, already considerably affected by the discomforts of his previous internments. He did not, however, regret the step he had taken, as it had taught him much. To use his own words : ' The regulations are admirable, if they were better kept.' But matters were not improved by the intelligence he now received from England. He learned to his annoyance that funds were being collected for erecting a statue to him, a proposal inexpressibly distasteful to a man of his unpretentious temperament. He immediately protested, and begged that the design might at once be abandoned, a course which was reluctantly taken. The other and more serious news announced that his son, after various ominous irregularities, had become seriously deranged.[1]

[1] See note at p. 73.

Hastening homewards as quickly as possible, Howard started from Venice by Trieste for Vienna. But his progress was slow. He was much reduced by fatigue of body and mind, and the low fever contracted in the unwholesome lazarettos still clung about him. At Vienna, on Christmas Day 1786, when he was on the point of quitting the Austrian capital, he was summoned to a private interview with the Emperor Joseph II. The son of Maria Theresa was himself a confirmed, if not always judicious, reformer, and he listened affably to Howard's frank and fervent exposure of the shortcomings of prevailing prison arrangements, and the necessity for the discipline of the criminal.[1] 'The Emperor shaked me by the hand, and said I had given him much pleasure.' By February 1787 Howard was back in London, only to find that his son had completely lost his reason; and that, for the moment, there was nothing to be done but to keep him under control, with faint hope of his recovery. In these circumstances the unfortunate but indefatigable father set out afresh on a *fifth* tour of the jails of the United Kingdom. At Dublin he met John Wesley, who writes in his *Diary* for June 26, 1787: 'I had the pleasure of a conversation with Mr. Howard, I think one of the greatest men in Europe. Nothing but the mighty power of God can enable him to go through his difficult and dangerous employments.'[2] After this Howard retired once more to Warrington to superintend the production of his new work, *An Account of the Principal Lazarettos*

[1] Howard is said to have been fond of a motto which he had seen at Odescalchi's hospital at San Michele in Rome: *Parum est improbos coercere poena, nisi probos efficias disciplina*—an axiom which, he held, expressed 'the grand purpose of all civil policy relative to criminals'.

[2] Wesley's *Journal*, 1901, iv. 370.

in Europe. This was published early in 1789, and besides recording the results of his Continental travels, included much that was supplementary to *The State of the Prisons.* With the appearance of the lazaretto book Howard's life-purpose was virtually achieved. He was advanced in years, and might reasonably look forward to the term of his labours. But the illness of his son, who had been now formally removed to a private asylum at Leicester, had effectively broken up that dream of the much-enduring, a sequestered old age; and many seemingly finished courses issue forlornly in a Teucer-like '*Cras ingens iterabimus aequor*'. So it fared with John Howard. In July 1789, after regulating his affairs with minute care, which seemed like a prevision of the end, he set out on an indeterminate tour to the East, bidding farewell to his friends with a prophetic finality. 'We shall soon meet in Heaven,' he said to one of them; 'the way to Heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London'. His first letter home was from Moscow, which he had reached through Holland and Germany. Wherever he stopped, hospitals and prisons were thrown open to him. He was then on his road to Warsaw, his ultimate goal being Constantinople; and his general purpose, in his own words, 'to investigate and ascertain with precision the cause of the plague'. But the war between Russia and Turkey changed his plans by attracting his attention to the military and naval hospitals 'towards the Black Sea', and he was anxious to give a fair trial to his favourite recipe, that Fever Powder of Dr. James so dear to his contemporaries from royalty downwards, and so deadly to poor Oliver Goldsmith. He reached Kherson in Russian Tartary in November, having been robbed *en route*; and soon had ample oppor-

tunity for discovering the manifold defects of the hospitals. Cleanliness was unknown; the wards were offensive and the patients dirty; diseases of all kinds were prevalent, and contagion entirely disregarded. But in the last entry of his note-book he was able to record that his courageous and urgent remonstrances were not entirely in vain, and that, in the matter of sanitation especially, much good had already resulted.

A fortnight later he was dead. He caught a fever in visiting a young lady, to whose bedside he had been summoned. Whether his ailment was the camp fever from which she was suffering, or whether he had taken a chill in going to her assistance, is not certain; but he felt from the first that the result would be fatal. He dosed himself with James's Powder; but prepared placidly for the end. He desired that he should be buried in the village of Dauphinovka (now Stephanovka), north of Kherson; that his funeral should be without pomp, monument, or monumental inscription; that a sundial should be placed over his grave, and that he should be forgotten. These injunctions, conveyed to his friend Admiral Priestman, an English officer in the Russian service, were only partially carried out. His grave was marked, not by a sundial, but by a small, white-washed brick pyramid without inscription; and although the burial service of the Church of England was duly read over the remains, a quiet funeral was found to be impracticable. The peasants flocked to the obsequies of the common benefactor, and he was followed to his last home by some two or three thousand spectators, an escort of cavalry, and a crowd of carriages, including the sumptuous equipage of the Prince of Moldavia 'drawn by six horses covered with scarlet cloth'.

One of the most notable things in Howard's career is the dogged way in which, having decided that his mission in life was that of Inspector-General of Prisons to the world at large, he entered on the duties of his self-imposed office. Everything, from the first, was subordinated to the task in hand—namely, that systematic assembling of *pièces de conviction* which he regarded as an indispensable preliminary to any practical improvement in the existing state of things. This was to be no leisurely jog-trot in search of the picturesque; no casual collecting of medals by an opulent Grand Tourist. In his earlier days he himself had been a purchaser of pictures and a frequenter of concerts. But it was not so now. 'I have unremittingly pursued the object of my journey,' he wrote in 1781, 'and have looked into no palaces, or seen any curiosities.' Burke, consciously or unconsciously, expanded this in his enthusiastic eloge at Bristol. Speaking of Howard, he said, 'He visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces,' or 'to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art', but 'to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries'. And Cowper echoes or anticipates Burke (for their words belong to the same year) in his poem of *Charity*:

> To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
> Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
> But knowledge such as only dungeons teach,
> And only sympathy like thine could reach . . .
> Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal,
> The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.

Akin to Howard's tenacity of purpose was his fearlessness. Lord Fisher's 'Fear God, and Dread

Nought' might well have been his motto. No doubt to his indomitable courage is to be traced something of the marked immunity from insult which he enjoyed and the fact, vouched for by himself, that he was so rarely robbed. Once only, in the very haunt and region of 'clyfaking', he lost 'a large new pocket-handkerchief', but even this was in due course returned to him. His transparent honesty, his manifest purity of motive, and his persuasive benevolence impressed all about him. An incident related in Brown's *Memoirs* is here to the point. 'During an alarming riot at the Savoy, the prisoners had killed two of their keepers, and no person dared to approach them until the intrepid Howard insisted on entering their prison. In vain his friends, in vain the jailers endeavoured to dissuade him: in he went among two hundred ruffians, when such was the effect of his mild and benign manner that they soon listened to his remonstrances, represented their grievances, and at last allowed themselves to be quietly reconducted to their cells.'[1] This disregard of consequences, as we have seen from his Malta visit, extended to his speech. It was impossible to prevent him from saying what he believed to be the truth; and though to potentates like the Emperor Joseph his plain speaking must have been a refreshing novelty, many diplomatic green-baize doors must have been hurriedly closed during the cold outpour of his incorruptible veracity.

That Howard's work, in its essence, was provisional and preparatory, and that his magnetic personal influence ceased with his death, may be admitted. But he was one of those unselfish reformers who, secure in the inherent soundness of their cause, are content to leave to the future—the

[1] Brown's *Memoirs*, 2nd ed., 1823, p. 393.

dilatory and deliberate future—the task of completing what they themselves have painfully and laboriously begun. Nevertheless, it was Howard who set the ball rolling; and with Howard alone originate the modern improvements in prison discipline. For the rest, he was emphatically what Pope would have called 'a right good man'— a faithful friend, an affectionate husband, a practising Christian. He was liberal to servants and dependents, and largely charitable to his poorer neighbours, in whose welfare he took the keenest interest. If his conception of justice was sometimes considered austere, it was not unfrequently tempered by a sense of humour. Despite his 'dour' expression, he is said to have been gentle in manners and very courteous—especially to women. With weaker vessels of his own sex, it is intelligible that his strict sense of duty, and his rigidly abstemious habits, occasionally exposed him to the charge of singularity. That is the involuntary homage of the self-indulgent to the self-respecting. But no one could accuse him of hypocrisy, for he was unaffected by human praise and blame. His one object in life was to get on with what he conceived to be his special vocation—to alleviate the misery of a large section of his suffering fellow-creatures. And if ever there was a man who acted religiously on the Pauline precept, 'Remember them that are in bonds,' that man was John Howard.

'THE LEARNED MRS. CARTER'

Sir Thomas Lawrence's crayon drawing at the National Portrait Gallery represents Mrs. Carter as a downcast-eyed and benignant old lady in a white muslin 'mob' with a broad scarlet ribbon. In Mackenzie's engraving of the cameo in wax which was modelled by Joachim Smith for Lady Charlotte Finch, one of Mrs. Carter's many friends, she is shown with the clear-cut profile of a dignified and handsome woman; and this is affirmed by her nephew and executor to be 'a very good and striking likeness'.[1] Here she wears an elaborate round-eared lace head-dress. To supplement these apparently conflicting similitudes, we may reproduce the written snapshot of a contemporary who met Mrs. Carter, in 1785, at one of Mrs. Vesey's 'Babels'. 'She seems about sixty [she was really sixty-eight] and is rather fat; she is no way striking in her appearance, and was dressed in a scarlet gown and petticoat, with a plain undress cap and perfectly flat head. A small work-bag was hanging at her arm, out of which she drew some knitting as soon as she was seated; but with no fuss or airs. She entered into the conversation with that ease which persons have when both their thoughts and words are at command, and with no toss of the head, no sneer, no emphatic look, in fact no affected consequence of any kind.' To this should be prefixed Miss Burney's verdict at Bath five years earlier. After speaking of her as 'noble-looking', she goes on—'I never saw age so graceful in the female sex

[1] Pennington's *Memoirs*, 4th ed., 1825, i 501 n.

yet; her whole face seems to beam with goodness, piety, and philanthropy.'[1]

Miss Alice Gaussen, Mrs. Carter's latest biographer, from whom the first-quoted passage is borrowed,[2] frankly confesses that her heroine's life has no story. This is so, though Miss Gaussen has gallantly done her best to disprove it. Elizabeth, or Eliza, Carter was born at Deal on December 16, 1717, being the eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D.D., Perpetual Curate of Deal Chapel, and one of the six preachers at Canterbury Cathedral. Elizabeth's mother, Dr. Carter's first wife, was the only daughter and heiress of Richard Swayne of Bere Regis in Dorset. The greater part of the considerable fortune she brought her husband disappeared with the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, a disaster which is supposed to have induced, or promoted, the decline of which she eventually died, when Elizabeth was about ten years old. Dr. Carter was an accomplished Greek, Latin, and Hebrew scholar, who acted as preceptor to his children. His daughter seems early to have formed the desire to follow in his steps; but her initial efforts were not equal to her aspirations. She was at first as preternaturally slow and dull as Goldsmith, so much so, indeed, that her desponding parent repeatedly exhorted her to desist from what he regarded as an unsound ambition. But by dint of early rising and dogged perseverance, combined with such extraneous aids to erudition as wet towels, coffee, green tea, and snuff (all of which are specified), she gradually overcame her native disabilities, although, in the process, she probably laid

[1] *Diary*, 1904, i. 391.

[2] *A Woman of Wit and Wisdom*, by Miss Alice C. C. Gaussen, 1906, p. 150.

the foundation of the distressing chronic headaches which lasted her lifetime. Her tastes were primarily linguistic. French she acquired *au fond* from a refugee Huguenot pastor at Canterbury with whom she boarded for a twelvemonth; while in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew her father instructed her in common with her brothers. Spanish, Italian, and German she taught herself, going on in later life to learn something of Portuguese and finally of Arabic. As a linguist she put the spirit above the letter, professing to care little for grammar, though, as a matter of fact, in this respect she was more fully equipped than she pretended. Johnson, at all events, placed her very high among contemporary Grecians, since he once said of an unnamed though celebrated scholar (Dr. Birkbeck Hill says 'perhaps Langton'), 'that he understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter'; and it is on record that she once effectively confuted Archbishop Secker with regard to a Greek construction. Language, however, did not wholly absorb her youthful energies. She was very fond of mathematics, history, and geography—ancient geography in particular. 'She was, literally'—says her first biographer—'better acquainted with the meanderings of the Peneus and the course of the Ilissus, than she was with those of the Thames or Loire'[1]—a perverted proficiency which, according to a well-known anecdote, should have earned her the sympathy of Charles Lamb. In addition, she was especially partial to astronomy and astrology. Music, too, attracted her. She played, not very successfully by her own account, on the spinet as well as on that eighteenth-century corrective to melancholy, the German flute. She dabbled also

[1] *Memoirs*, 4th ed., 1825, i. 17.

in drawing and painting. All this intense application, abstruse and otherwise, was, it must be confessed, not undiversified by lighter distractions. Besides being unpretentious, she was cheerful and sociable, qualities which speedily made her a desirable inmate of many county houses ; and she often paid long winter visits to relatives in London, where she soon found admiring friends. Nor, notwithstanding a serious cast of mind, were her tastes inexorably ascetic. Not only was she, unlike many of her contemporaries, a fanatic for fresh air, and used, as her solitary cosmetic, cold water, but at Deal she was accustomed to vary her desk work (as Dickens did) by vigorous walking exercise ; and, as a classic, must have interpreted the Horatian *neque tu choreas sperne* as applicable to both sexes, since, for a time at least, her unexpended vitality found its escape in energetic dancing. She speaks, on one occasion, of having walked three miles in a high wind, danced nine hours, and then walked home again. After thus 'playing the rake', as she calls it, it is not surprising to find that she took part, with her brothers and sisters, in a performance of *Cato* (presumably the memorable work of Mr. Joseph Addison), the title-rôle being *read* by her father—nay, that once, when Canterbury went stage mad, she even acted a king and wore a sword.

When she was nearing twenty, she seems to have had some prospect of a Court appointment—a prospect which not unnaturally found favour with her father. Recognizing, with Marcus Aurelius and Matthew Arnold, that 'even in a palace life may be led well', he wrote to her from Bath an elegant Latin epistle expressing his concurrence.[1] But,

[1] '*Virtus est quid cuique proprium in omnibus locis ; virtus igitur non minus propria atque integra est in aulis, quam in rure.*' (*Memoirs*, 1825, 4th ed., i. 14 n.)

apart from the preliminary study of German which he enjoined, the plan apparently came to nothing; and with it, due allowance being made for different temperaments, the chances of a familiar record corresponding with, if not rivalling, the picturesque Kew and Windsor pages of Fanny Burney's *Diary*.

Some time in the following year, however, she issued privately, as a quarto of twenty-four pages, a selection from the numerous occasional verses she had contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* since 1734, under the signature of 'Eliza'. The pamphlet had no author's or publisher's name; but it manifestly came from the press of Edward Cave, since there was a cut of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, on the title page; and Cave, who printed her father's sermons in this very year, 1738, was well known to him. The verses are of a mingled yarn and mainly imitative. Youthful paraphrases of Horace; lines to the memory of Her Sacred Majesty Caroline of Ansbach, recently deceased; ode to her thresher-poet, Stephen Duck, beginning ingenuously—'Accept, O Duck, the Muse's grateful lay'; an address to Fortune, palpably echoing Young—these, with a deprecatory motto from Euripides, make up the *farrago libelli*. It would be too much to say that they show great poetical promise; and, with two exceptions, she herself did not venture to reprint them.

But they are interesting on another ground—namely, that they inaugurate that lifelong friendship of the writer with Samuel Johnson, which had its origin in their year of publication. To the 'Poetical Essays' in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February 1738, 'Eliza' had contributed 'A Riddle'. In the following April, Johnson responded by two Greek and Latin epigrams, to the former of which

he thus refers in an undated but obviously earlier letter to Cave. 'I have composed a Greek epigram to Eliza, and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le Grand.'[1] From this it would follow that he must already have been introduced to her, or was shortly to make her acquaintance. In any case, after Cave's death, he expressly recalled the fact that Cave had first brought them together. 'Poor dear Cave! I owed him much; for to him I owe that I have known you,' he wrote.[2] In the next month (May), his own *London* came out anonymously, and, in the brief space of a week, ran into two editions. But at this date the worthy Dr. Carter, then Vicar of Tilmanstone, had never so much as heard of him. 'You mention Johnson,' he tells his daughter in June, no doubt apropos of the epigrams, 'but that is a name with which I am utterly unacquainted. Neither his scholastic, critical, or poetical character ever reached my ears.'[3] This ignorance was excusable; for, in truth, Johnson had published practically nothing. He was a new-comer at St. John's Gate, having only in the preceding year made with Garrick his adventurous invasion of the great city he was to satirize so sternly, and to love so well.

Almost simultaneously with Johnson's *London* had appeared Pope's satire, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-Eight*; and Pope (as all the world knows) had generously expressed his opinion that the new imitator of Juvenal would soon be unearthed. It is with Pope that Mrs. Carter's prentice prose essay is connected. Under the title

[1] Hill's *Johnson*, 1887, i. 122.
[2] Hill's *Johnson's Letters*, 1892, i. 55.
[3] *Memoirs*, 1825, i. 39.

An Examination of Mr. Pope's Essay on Man: translated from the French of M. Crouzaz, M.R.A. of Sciences at Paris and Bordeaux, and Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics at Lausanne, she translated the Swiss critique of those ambiguous utterances with respect to revealed religion from which Warburton afterwards endeavoured to extricate the Twickenham poet. Her version was extremely careful, and earned a eulogistic Latin epigram from her father. But its theme belongs to Pope's biography rather than Mrs. Carter's; and there is no evidence that she had any personal relations with Pope himself. She followed up this translation from the French by another, from the Italian, of Algarotti's *Newtonianismo per le Dame*, thus Englished—*Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy explained, for the Use of the Ladies, in six Dialogues, on Light and Colours.* This, which Cave printed, was also held to be capably executed, and was highly praised by Dr. Birch and others. Count Algarotti was then in England, and it is possible that his translatress may have met him. But it must be concluded that these efforts were either commissions, or what Carlyle would have called mere journey-work in defect of better, for she seldom referred to them. Her biographer finds evidence that the dedication of the Algarotti was corrected in proof by Johnson.

Through Johnson, too, it must have been that, at this date, Miss Carter made the acquaintance of another of Cave's contributors, the notorious and unfortunate Richard Savage. Her biographer prints two of the letters Savage wrote to her in May 1739, or a few weeks before his final departure (for his own good and to the relief of his friends) into exile at Swansea. Their pretext is a permission, implied or given by the lady to Savage, to send her a printed

copy of his Life; and they are couched in those terms of florid adulation which were apparently their writer's standard of compliment. Another of her correspondents at this period was the precocious prodigy, John Philip Barretier, who was reported to have mastered five languages at the mature age of nine. He was now seventeen, and hearing from some of the swarming refugees at Canterbury of the rival acquirements of 'Eliza', had expressed a desire to be permitted to write to her. 'Eliza', having, as in duty bound, sought counsel of her father and obtained his permission (in Latin), letters were accordingly exchanged. Two of Barretier's have been preserved. By all accounts he was a worthy and exemplary young man. But his conception of a *correspondance d'esprit* must have been framed upon faulty models. For his epistles, although they include some interesting personal details regarding his views and pursuits, are largely occupied by stilted verbiage and pretentious polyglot. He apostrophizes his correspondent in French, as the *Nymphe Elize*, who gets Apollo to write her verses; and in Latin, as *Virgo nobilissima*, *Angliae sidus*, *orbis literati decus*—and so forth. Even her admiring biographer and executor is constrained to confess that all this is more in the vein of a French *petit-maître* than of the anticipated Scholar, Philosopher, and Theologian. And, indeed, it is difficult to believe that this boyish rigmarole can ever have been acceptable to its accomplished young recipient, whose leading characteristic was common sense and whose dislike of flattery was unaffected. That she acknowledged the first of Barretier's communications is clear from his words in the second; but we have no information as to the nature of her reply. In October 1740 Barretier died; and Johnson wrote

an account of him for Mr. Urban's pages.[1] But by this time Miss Carter had found a new correspondent as well as a lifelong friend in the Miss Catherine Talbot to whom so many of her letters were henceforth to be addressed.

Miss Talbot—for our present purpose—deserves a fuller notice than either Savage or Barretier. She was the only daughter of the Rev. Edward Talbot, who was the second son of Bishop Talbot of Durham, and brother to Charles, first Lord Talbot, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Her father died in 1720, and in the same year, five months after his death, she was born. Dr. Secker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford and Archbishop of Canterbury, had been Edward Talbot's closest friend, and in course of time the widow and her daughter became permanent members of the Secker household. Miss Carter first met Miss Talbot at the house of a Canterbury friend, through Wright the astronomer, and they became greatly attached to each other. Miss Carter was three years older than Miss Talbot; but Miss Talbot had already a certain social reputation for exceptional ability; and, as related in an earlier paper of this series, contributed to the once famous *Athenian Letters*. She had been very carefully educated, had considerable intellectual gifts, and a lively imagination. Her youth had been passed among learned and distinguished personages, one of her best and most valued advisers being the great Bishop Butler of the *Analogy*, who was devoted to her father. Under her auspices Miss Carter was speedily at home in the Secker circle. She became a great favourite with the Bishop, who soon playfully addressed her as 'Madam Carter', and she

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1740, x. 612, and 1741, xi. 87.

was always a *persona grata* at the Bishop's Oxford Palace of Cuddesdon, and the Archiepiscopal Palace at Lambeth. She had, in fact, found a suitable field for the evolution of the more serious side of her character underlying the thirst for learning which had hitherto seemed to absorb her energies, and (if she ever had them) her ambitions. The Algarotti translation had already introduced her to an amiable Countess of Hertford to whom Thomson had dedicated his *Spring*. In the Secker coterie she was to come into contact not only with such aristocratic luminaries as Lyttelton and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, but with numerous other people, learned or clerical, who were fully capable of estimating, at the right value, both her unusual acquirements and her natural parts. This happy consummation she manifestly owed to Miss Talbot. And it is not unreasonable to assume that to Miss Talbot also she was indebted for the development of those early principles and that graver note in her character which led Dr. Burney, years after, to speak of 'Carter's piety and learning', and to give the priority to 'piety'.

However this may be, there is no doubt that to Miss Talbot she was indebted for the stimulus which prompted her to enter upon the central task of her life, the translation of Epictetus—

> That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
> Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
> Cleared Rome of what most shamed him—

i. e. the Philosophers. At Cuddesdon and Lambeth it seems to have been the custom to have daily readings of the best authors, ancient and modern; and Miss Talbot, who had been austerely studying Epictetus before breakfast, was greatly exercised by

the absence of a satisfactory version of that philosopher's homely discourses, as reported by Arrian. She eventually persuaded her friend to undertake the preparation of an adequate rendering of his entire remains, duly equipped with introduction and notes. With the concurrence of Dr. Secker, Miss Carter began her work in 1749, and in her thirty-second year. Working slowly, and avoiding fatigue, she continued to be engaged on it until its completion in 1756. The book went to the press in the following year, and was issued as a subscription quarto in 1758. There were one thousand and thirty-one subscribers at a guinea, and one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight copies were struck off. The result to the translator was a profit of nearly a thousand pounds. A second edition in two volumes 12mo appeared in 1759; a third in 1768. A fourth edition followed, after the translator's death. The full title of the book was—*All the Works of Epictetus, which are now extant; consisting of his Discourses, preserved by Arrian, in four Books, The Enchiridion,*[1] *and Fragments. Translated from the original Greek, by Elizabeth Carter. With an Introduction, and Notes, by the Translator.* It was printed by Samuel Richardson, the novelist; and sold by Millar, Rivington and the Dodsleys. And to it was prefixed a poetically irregular but theologically orthodox ode by M. H., reversed initials which are understood to veil the identity of a new friend, Hester or Hecky Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone, to whom Miss Carter had recommended 'the *Stoic Philosophy,* as productive of *Fortitude*'.

The success of the translation was both merited and adventitious. 'Merited' because it was a

[1] The *Enchiridion* had been translated, at a hand-gallop, by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, out of the Latin.

conscientious piece of craggy hard work, pursued with adequate equipment and achieved by unflagging perseverance. It was not, in any sense, like the performances of Fielding's Mr. Bookweight, 'merely a handsome way of asking one's friends for a guinea'—an anticipation of 'Proposals' which it was never intended to materialize. But it was 'adventitious' in that Miss (or as we may now call her, Mrs.) Carter's troops of friends, together with her established reputation as a learned lady, made the task of soliciting subscriptions an easy matter.[1] And there was a third reason which also greatly helped her. It was rightly held to be remarkable that a work distinguished by so much solid erudition should have come from a woman. This alone was sufficient to justify the 'Philaretes' of St. John's Gate in likening her to the famous Mme Dacier. Finally, and this is perhaps the best argument of all, her *Epictetus* was, at this date, the best available rendering in English of a book concerning which there was a certain floating curiosity. It continued to sell through the remainder of the century; and her friend Dr. Secker, by this time Archbishop of Canterbury, complained humorously that while his own invaluable sermons were to be procured at half-price, Madam Carter's *Epictetus* fetched nearly as much as the original subscription. Even in 1768, when the third edition came out, Messrs. Rivington of the 'Bible and Sun' in St. Paul's Churchyard, found it worth their while to advertise concurrently a 'beautiful edition' in *royal quarto*.[2]

[1] Many persons, who figure in these pages, subscribed. Johnson, of course, is in the list, and Heberden took *six* copies.

[2] These unavoidable bibliographical details need not here

This translation, it has been said, occupied Mrs. Carter about nine years, a period which may at first sight seem to be excessive. But the work was interrupted by many miscellaneous avocations. Besides those domestic functions which she conscientiously regarded as part of her calling in life, she had family duties of a more exacting character. Her father had married again; and the training of her youngest brother, Henry, fell almost exclusively on her—until, in 1756, he entered a pensioner at Bene't College, Cambridge. This must have taken much of her time; and, as her biographer observes, was then probably the only instance of a student at Cambridge who was indebted for his previous education to one of the other sex. In any case, taken in connexion with her labours as a translator, these employments sufficiently account for the fact that her purely literary output for some years seems to have been confined to a couple of contributions to Johnson's *Rambler*, Nos. 44 and 100. The former of these is a serious but not sombre contrast between superstition and religion; the latter, acting up to the *Circum praecordia ludit* of its motto, rallies, in a sprightly manner, the unprofitable rewards of fashionable dissipation. Both papers show that she might have easily competed, if not with the Great Cham, at all events with Richardson and Hawkesworth.

be extended by minuter examination of Mrs. Carter's *chef-d'œuvre*. The critics of the day liberally recognized its merits, and Lyttelton rightly commended 'the deep learning, correct judgement, and truly Christian piety' displayed in the introduction and notes. But it has now been superseded by the labours of Long and later scholars. As to the doctrines of Epictetus, the curious may consult Dr. Abbott's *Silanus the Christian*, and the charming anthology of Mr. Hastings Crossley in the Golden Treasury Series.

But although her prose work was inconsiderable, and she attached little importance to her first poetical flights, she still intermittently adventured in verse. An anonymous *Ode to Melancholy* was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1739, and was greatly admired—by her admirers. A more ambitious *Ode to Wisdom*, much circulated (privately) *circa* 1746, was actually appropriated by Richardson, who conveyed it *en bloc* to the earlier pages of *Clarissa*, then in progress, and even went so far as to let his heroine set the last three stanzas to music (Letter liv). Upon expostulation, he explained (of course at considerable length) that he had desired to ' do honour to the sex ', and enliven his little [!] work, already ' perhaps too solemn ', by so valuable an addition to its pages—an *amende honorable* which was, of course, graciously accepted.[1] Later, by the popularity of these and subsequent pieces, complimentary or occasional, and the friendly solicitations of Lord Bath, Lord Lyttelton, and a new ally, the blue-stocking Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter was persuaded to collect her more recent metrical efforts into a 12mo volume. This was published in 1762. It was dedicated, by invitation, to Lord Bath (it is said, indeed, that deferring to the author's dislike to laudation, he drafted the dedication himself !), and it was preceded by some high-pitched commendatory blank verse from the pen of Lyttelton, who had read the book in MS. Correct and academic, it no doubt showed much technical advance on its youthful predecessor, and the Monthly Reviewers, as in duty bound, promptly found in it both the philosophy of Epictetus and the felicity of Horace. Its prevalent note is of the

[1] An author's version of the poem then appeared, still anonymously, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Dec. 1747.

fashionable elegiac kind at which Goldsmith laughs gently in the novel he was then composing[1]; and its exemplary sentiments must have gratified those to whom they were addressed. But they rouse faint raptures now; and cannot justly be held to rise to the superior altitudes claimed for them by the enthusiastic bard of Hagley, who was impressed by their high morality. It should, however, be borne in mind that prescription was at a premium; and that those were days when such a poet as Mason was likened, in one breath, to Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Plato, and Sophocles[2]—comparisons which seem to indicate some passing derangement of the critical atmosphere.[3] Perhaps the most interesting biographical fact about these *Poems on Several Occasions* is that a visit of the little knot of friends above mentioned to Tunbridge Wells in 1761, when the volume was projected, was, apparently, the primary cause of that later excursion to Spa in 1763 which, after the translation of Epictetus, constitutes the next and, indeed, the capital event in Mrs. Carter's history. It occupies an abnormal space in her *Memoirs*; and no excuse is needed for some record of it here.

When this took place, an expedition to the Continental health resort which has given its name to so many mineral springs was still what Dudley,

[1] 'I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late that without an enlivening glass [of gooseberry wine] I am sure this will overcome me.' (*Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xvii.)

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1752.

[3] It is but fair to add that Mrs. Carter's poems passed into several editions. The *Ode to Wisdom* was done into Dutch for Pastor Stinstra's version of *Clarissa*; and, in 1796 some other of the pieces found an admiring French translator, the Count de Bedéc. But her efforts have obtained no abiding home in modern anthologies.

Lord North, had called it in 1637, ' a chargeable and inconvenient journey to sick bodies '. Save in exceptional conditions, it would have been impracticable to an elderly gentlewoman of moderate means. The party was made up of Lord Bath and his chaplain, Dr. Douglas (Goldsmith's ' scourge of impostors and terror of quacks '), Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, and several servants. They quitted Dover early on June 4, and reached Calais the same day, putting up at the famous *Lion d'Argent*, commemorated fourteen years before by Hogarth in his picture of *The Roast Beef of Old England*, and certainly familiar to Sterne in 1762. It was not the Dessin's of the later *Sentimental Journey*; but Mrs. Carter found it a much better inn than any she had seen at Dover. In a day or two they went forward on their travels. Their cavalcade (for it was no less) consisted of my lord's coach, a *vis-à-vis*, a post-chaise, and a *chasse-marine* [*chaise-marine* ?] [1] with ten or twelve outriders. As Mrs. Carter's page, or special body-guard, Lord Bath had provided a lively ' little French boy with an English face '. He had also, apparently, a dash of English humour, since he was ' excessively entertained ' when the ladies from England were demurely told by the nuns of Lille that they could only inspect the inside of the convent by staying there altogether (' *Pas sans y* rester, *au moins* '), a reply which reminds one of that given by the authorities at Madrid to John Howard when he proposed to explore the *penetralia* of the Spanish Inquisition.

Mrs. Carter was at first much impressed by the

[1] Defined in *The Stanford Dictionary* as ' a light vehicle slung on springs ', and further described by Lady Morgan as ' covered with a canvas awning '.

politesse, the *empressement pour vous servir*, which she experienced from our French neighbours; and particularly from a vivacious *perruquier* at the inn, 'with a most magnificent *queue*', who was called in to minister to the 'honours of her head'. But she had come from Dover with all the anti-Gallic prejudices engendered by the wearisome Seven Years' War, and she speedily found a great deal that was less to her taste. With Hogarth—and almost in Hogarth's words—she was struck by the mixture of pride and poverty, of 'rags and dirt and finery'—matters which were not materially modified by the occasional spectacle of clean towns, good roads, and well-cultivated fields. As a strict Churchwoman, she was scandalized by the evidences of credulity and superstition. The tinsel and *colifichets* of the altar decorations; the empty formality of the *offices* mumbled ignorantly by the worshippers; the triviality and even profanity of the sacred pictures; the manifestly mendacious stories of saints and miracles—all these things were naturally distasteful to the correspondent of an English bishop. At Lille, the grim fortifications prompt in the chronicler a pious gratitude that her own native land is a country 'guarded by the Ocean and by Liberty'. From Lille they fare to Ghent. At Courtrai they encounter a procession of the Host and see the people falling on their knees in the road as depicted by Hogarth. Thence they go on to Brussels, which they find extremely unattractive with its high houses, narrow streets, and dismal-looking canal. From Brussels their progress to Liége is diversified by sundry misadventures and breakdowns arising from the rope-harness and makeshift travelling tackle obtaining in the dominions of Maria-Theresa. Liége they vote detestable; and

its inhabitants 'of a disagreeable countenance'. At last, after a formidable twenty-one-mile drive of fifteen hours along a mountainous road, they reach their destination—the primitive Spa of 1763.

It was the middle of June. The Spa season was beginning, and the earliest visitors were arriving. These were mostly English and Germans, though there were also some French and Dutch. From Mrs. Carter's own nation she noted only Lord and Lady Robert Bertie; and later, that fantastic personage, the Duke of Argyll's daughter, Lady Mary Coke. As a matter of convenience, Lord Bath's party were lodged in different buildings; but they dined every day with his lordship. Their accommodation must have been rudimentary, as we hear of 'whitewashed walls, and floors the colour of dirt'. In spite of continuous rain, they at once proceeded to sample the waters of the two chief springs, the Pouhon and the remoter Géronstère, only to find them very similar to those they had left behind at Tunbridge Wells, even to producing the same 'confusion of head' which had afflicted the excellent Mr. Samuel Richardson. They were promptly invited to dine with one of the first newcomers, the Prince-Bishop of Augsburg, an amiable and courtly ecclesiastic, whose appearance must have been anything but episcopal, since, after the fashion of Goldsmith (and the orchestra at Vauxhall), he wore 'a blossom-coloured coat'. This, however, cannot have been uncommon, as another prelate (of twenty), Prince Clement of Saxony, who already held two bishoprics and was actually a candidate for a third, was attired in 'orange'. But then—to be sure—he was youngest son of the King of Poland! The Prince-Bishop's entertain-

ments were not stimulating, and terribly formal—'more an honour than a pleasure', Mrs. Carter calls them; and the tedium was increased by the fact that all the attendants were persons of quality, and one must either choke with thirst or employ a Count or Baron to bring a glass of water.

This rigorous routine was necessarily highly disconcerting to the quiet recluse of the Kentish seaport, who would obviously have preferred the conversational *sans-gêne* of a literary breakfast to all the decorations in the *Almanach de Gotha*. Luckily, from most of the functions and assemblies she was excused by her constitutional headaches, and from others, by the absence of the hoop *de rigueur* with which she had not come provided. For the community of water-drinkers, they were friendly and sociable enough; but as mixed as at the Bath Pump Room. In the walks of the Géronstère, the variety of costume was exceedingly amusing. 'Priests and Hussars, Beaux and Hermits, Nuns and fine ladies, stars and crosses, cowls and ribbons, all blended together in the most lively and picturesque manner imaginable.'[1] Mrs. Montagu called the place 'The Seven Dials of Europe'—which sounds more brilliant than it is. Every one spoke French, including the Germans, who, indeed, following the lead of the illustrious Philosopher of Sans-Souci, professed to prefer that tongue to their own mellifluous medium.[2] It is depressing to learn that Mrs. Carter seems, on the whole, to have liked

[1] *Memoirs*, 1825, i. 306.

[2] Mrs. Carter gives an extraordinary illustration of this. She met a German lady who was familiar with Gessner's *Death of Abel*, but only in a French version. When Mrs. Carter expressed surprise, the lady explained that she did not understand her own language well enough to read the original. (Ibid., p. 322.)

the Teutons better than the other nationalities; and although she laughed at their preposterously stiff state-costume, which reminded her of 'King Pharaoh's court in a puppet-show', she found them unaffected and agreeable, and her highest commendations are reserved for those whom Hannah More afterwards discovered to be 'desolating Huns'. Especially was she attracted by some of their 'eminences'; and in particular, to that distinguished soldier, Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, who afterwards married George III's sister, Princess Augusta, and thus became the father of the ill-fated Caroline, whose tragedy it was to endure the tender mercies of the so-called 'First Gentleman in Europe'. Known at this date as the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, the Duke was a young man of eight and twenty; and Mrs. Carter (a staunch Hanoverian) was greatly impressed by his natural politeness, good sense, and 'culture' (old style!). She also discovered an adorable *chanoinesse*—she appears to have had a taste for *chanoinesses*, with their blue ribbons and garnet crosses—whose name was Mme de Blum, with whom she struck up a lasting friendship.

But one may make too much of an episode, even though it should chance to be the solitary important event in an otherwise colourless career. In August the Spa visit, with its tiresome balls and its assemblies, its endless buckram and bowing, its threepenny whist and penny quadrille (to say nothing of heavier stakes), came to an end; and the party set out by the Rhine and Holland to return to England. Upon their further *impressions de voyage* it is unnecessary to linger. That they should have visited the Tomb of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, the Church of the Ursulines at Cologne, and the

Prince of Orange's House in the Wood at The Hague, goes without saying, for these are the standing dishes of Baedeker and Murray. But it illustrates the practical side of Mrs. Carter's character that she shows no bibliographical enthusiasm for Mr. Fagel's famous library at the last-named town. 'I have no idea of merely reading the titles of books, and being convinced they are good editions and well bound.' 'I have no great pleasure', she says again, 'in the mere sight of books unless one can sit down quietly and read them.' [1] On September 19 they left Calais. At Dover, next day, Mrs. Carter bade farewell to her friends, and set off in a post-chaise for Deal, nothing loath to return to her old habit of life. It may, indeed, be questioned whether her tour into foreign parts really effected much beyond enlarging her experience. The rain had been perpetual; the fatigue of travel excessive; she had suffered much from inability to take her accustomed walking exercise, and her constitutional ailments had often debarred her from sharing in the expeditions and entertainments which engrossed her companions. 'Ever since I left England', she tells Mrs. Vesey from The Hague, 'my head has been at least equally bad, and my nerves worse than for some years: so far were the Spa waters from doing them any good.' [2] Such things must have sorely tried both her placid temper and her stoic serenity; and, in these respects, she was superficially more unfortunate than her friends. 'My Lord Bath and Mrs. Montagu are surprisingly the better for their excursion, indeed they are much the youngest and healthiest of our whole party.' [2] This, as regards Lord Bath, is obviously playful, since he was eighty-

[1] *Memoirs*, i. 344, 358. [2] Ibid., p. 362.

one, and died in the following year. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Carter, who had still forty-four years before her, survived them both. She was therefore right in speaking of her disabilities as ' good long-lived distempers '. But though, except in 1782, she never again went abroad, the story of her Continental tour was one to which she was accustomed in after days to refer with peculiar satisfaction, and she was untiring in recalling its moving accidents.

At this point the candid chronicler must confess that Mrs. Carter's never very *vive odyssée* grows singularly barren ; and although she lived into the nineteenth century, only brief space is required for the remainder of the ' life that has no story '. With the money obtained for her translation, she had bought certain tenements at Deal, which, during her absence on the Continent, had been consolidated into the house where henceforth she lived. It is later described as an ivy-clad building, situated delightfully at the northern extremity of the town, and commanding a view both of the country and the sea. The rest of the family were now out in the world. She let the house to her father ; and here for several years they lived quietly. Each had his or her separate apartment and library ; and though they saw each other rarely except at meals, and generally conversed in Latin, the arrangement seems to have worked admirably. For, in spite of the erudition which she sedulously nourished, on the old lines,[1] Mrs. Carter was unremitting in her

[1] Being a rigorous early riser, she generally began before breakfast with Bible-reading, a sermon by Clarke or another, and some Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. After breakfast, she read a part of every language with which she was acquainted, ' so that she never allowed herself to forget what she had

humbler domestic duties; and to the friends who exhorted her to undertake fresh versions from the 'Antients', would placidly reply that she had 'a dozen shirts to make'. This very matter-of-fact side of her character was recognized by Johnson. 'My old friend, Mrs. Carter,' said he, 'could make a pudding as well as translate *Epictetus* from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem'; [1] and this was a condition of things in which she uncomplainingly acquiesced until, in 1774, Dr. Carter died.

There were, not less, even during this time, occasional 'solutions of continuity'. Every winter she migrated for some weeks to London. Many of her numerous admirers would gladly have received her as a guest. But she preferred to take lodgings with her maid in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, to which she regularly returned. 'She kept no table in London . . . nor ever dined at home but when she was so ill as to be unable to go out. The chairs or carriages of her friends always brought her to dinner, and carried her back at ten o'clock at latest.'[2] Her periodical journeys from Deal, failing a brother-in-law's carriage, were generally made by the common stage, which, though it sometimes acquainted her with strange fellow passengers, never exposed her to any misadventures of the road, beyond being 'jolted black and blue'. But this, even as an octogenarian, she patiently continued to endure. Her practice was to set out from Deal by moonlight at 8 p.m., and she usually reached

once known.' It is further recorded that, to avoid being tired, she hardly ever worked for more than half an hour at a time. (*Memoirs*, 1825, i. 139–40.)

[1] Hill's *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, 1897, ii. 11.

[2] *Memoirs*, 1825, i. 242.

Clarges Street at 11 a.m. next day, having breakfasted at Dartford. This she thought preferable to 'drawling through two days and sleeping on the road'; and Miss Gaussen relates that, in 1801, four years before her death, she dined at Lord Cremorne's on the very evening of her arrival in town.

As a resident at Deal she was highly respected by the townsfolk, who regarded her with great veneration as a person of almost superhuman attainments, especially in meteorology; and she seems to have identified herself thoroughly with all their local hopes and fears, without insisting too strongly on her intellectual superiority. In fact, in all matters regarding herself, she was transparently modest and unobtrusive. But, in London, in the fitting environment of the congenial *bas-bleu* atmosphere—at Mrs. Montagu's great mansion in Portman Square, or Mrs. Vesey's Tuesdays—at Lady Herries's in St. James's Square or Mrs. Hunter's in Leicester Fields—she was naturally in what she herself would have described as *son assiette*. As may be gathered from her verbal portrait at the beginning of this paper, she must have been an accomplished talker of the best type, promoting without dominating the 'stream of conversation', sympathetically attentive, responsive, and informing. She dealt, one would imagine, little with people, but much with books and things—'things that mattered' in particular. 'Her talk was all instruction'—says Fanny Burney in 1784.[1] She spoke frankly about writers of whom she disapproved—Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, for example—but without heat or bitterness. She was even indulgent to those frailties which might be ascribed to variable health, as in the case

[1] *Diary*, 1904, ii. 246.

of Pope and Johnson; and she was more just to Fielding's powers than was Gray. She respected Richardson; but found his prolixity tiresome; besides doubting his knowledge of male humanity; and she freely criticized the weak spots in Goldsmith's personages when they seemed more invented than observed. Her favourite authors, as might be anticipated, were of her own sex; and she was a warm adherent of Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Burney, and Miss Joanna Baillie. Of Mrs. Montagu's *Essay on Shakespeare* she was, of course, appreciative; but she regretted her friend had not exerted her powers on some 'work of more general utility'. The impression produced by her 'scattered sapience' is that she must have been an exceedingly straightforward, tolerant, and well-equipped critic; and that Johnson was right when he said, after dining at Mrs. Garrick's with Elizabeth Carter, Fanny Burney, and Hannah More, that 'three such women were not to be found'.[1] It is true, after his fashion, he presently discounted his heroics by adding Mrs. Lenox to the trio as 'superior to them all', and by commending Mrs. Montagu's conversation as being 'always impregnated' with meaning. In the blue-stocking *Salon* of those days you met everybody of any intellectual standing. Burke and Johnson, Reynolds and Garrick, Lyttelton and Beattie, Horace Walpole and Lord Monboddo—these, with many another, were all to be seen and listened to for nothing. It was not, as sometimes supposed, an exclusive Spouters' Club or a Mutual Admiration Society, but a thoroughly informal gathering, easy of access to any person of character, and its rules were unconventional. There was neither the temptation of cards nor the solace of

[1] Hill's *Boswell*, 1887, iv. 275.

supper; neither the hubbub of a 'Hurricane' nor the crowd of a 'Rout'. But you heard the best 'impregnated' conversation in the world by the best talkers. And one of the best talkers was undoubtedly Elizabeth Carter.

There is little else to tell, biographically, of our 'learned' lady. The deaths of Archbishop Secker, Miss Talbot, and Lord Lyttelton had already preceded the death of her father; and after this had happened, she gradually lost other members of her more intimate circle. Mrs. Vesey followed Dr. Carter in 1791, and Mrs. Montagu in 1801. With the two latter Mrs. Carter maintained a copious correspondence which has all the more solid characteristics attached to her spoken words. Literature she practically abandoned, only adding a few poems to her collection of 1762, and editing Miss Talbot's remains. She seems, indeed, to have had slender literary ambition; or rather, her bias was more in the direction of acquiring than diffusing. To employ Mr. Gladstone's figure, her imports exceeded her exports. She was, besides, too late for the new novel as practised by the author of *Evelina*; and play-writing was probably against her principles; although her position as a social spectator should have furnished her with material for either field. And if she was not stirred by the aspirations of literature, neither was she forced to them by necessity. The profits of her translation, together with an opportune legacy from a London relative, and pensions from the Pulteney family and Mrs. Montagu, fully sufficed for her modest charities and her moderate wants; and her posthumous works consist solely of Biblical studies. She was never married. One of the last incidents of her life was her introduction by Lady Cremorne to Queen

Charlotte, who received her with great affability. Her honourable and contented life was prolonged until February 1806, when she died in her Clarges Street lodgings on her final visit to town. She lies in the Grosvenor Chapel burial-ground, where her epitaph describes her as being 'a lady as much distinguished for piety and virtue, as for deep learning, and extensive knowledge'.

THE ABBÉ EDGEWORTH

Biography is deservedly a popular form of literature. Yet it has its limitations; and the writer who light-heartedly sets out upon his task, foreseeing only a pleasant progress through a smiling landscape, runs the risk of being wofully disappointed. He must be prepared for long and dusty by-ways, stretches of unexpected sterility, bleak corners where only a Carlyle could built a Craigenputtock. Take, for instance, the case of John Howard, already discussed in these pages. He had completed many apparently infructuous years before he began the period of his fevered philanthropic activities. With 'the learned Mrs. Carter'—of whom there has also been discourse—the position was reversed. Her mission was accomplished in the first half of her life, and of her protracted later career there is nothing absorbing to record. Such vacant intervals may, of course, be often accounted for by the inevitable silences of unconscious probation, or the not-unwelcome repose of achieved endeavour. But they must be faced by the life-maker; and unless, with Swift's Afric geographers, he can

> o'er unhabitable downs
> Place elephants for want of towns,

he will do well to confess his disabilities, and say frankly that there is nothing to be said.

These considerations apply generally to many of the dramatis personae in the great tragedy of the French Revolution, and they are particularly applicable to the Irish ecclesiastic whose name

figures at the head of this essay. The Abbé Edgeworth—or, as he was called in France, the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont [1]—had, like Howard, reached the mature age of four-and-forty before his life becomes biographically attractive. That life has, of late years, been written at large,[2] but its salient features are undoubtedly his relations with the royal family of France and his presence on the scaffold of Louis XVI. Physically frail, but morally courageous, unambitious, and unobtrusive—the story of his colourless doings presents little memorable save his connexion with the Bourbons, and to this mainly we propose to confine our present inquiries.

Born in 1745 at Edgeworthstown, a place founded by the Edgeworth family in the sixteenth century, Henry Essex Edgeworth was the second son of the Rev. Robert Edgeworth, Protestant Rector of Edgeworthstown, who married a grand-daughter of Archbishop Ussher of the Chronology, by whom he had four children—Robert, Henry aforesaid, Ussher, and a daughter, Betty. In 1748, when

[1] From 'Firmount', the family property, three miles north of Edgeworthstown in Co. Longford, Ireland.

[2] *The Abbé Edgeworth and his Friends*, byMiss Violette M. Montagu (1913). We have availed ourselves of such of the facts of Edgeworth's career, recorded in this volume, as come within our scope; but we have also drawn freely on the valuable collection of *Récits originaux* and *Documents officiels* brought together by the Marquis de Beaucourt for the Société d'Histoire Contemporaine, under the title of *Captivité et Derniers Moments de Louis XVI*, 2 vols. (1892). These include the very interesting account written down in 1796 by Bertrand de Moleville, after repeated conversations with the Abbé in London on the subject of his intercourse with the King—a document which supplies (in the Marquis de Beaucourt's opinion) decisive confirmation of Edgeworth's own narrative, prepared for the information of his brother, Ussher Edgeworth.

Henry was three years old, Edgeworth *père*, to the great dissatisfaction of his Protestant relatives, became a Roman Catholic ; and, in consequence, migrated to Toulouse, leaving only his youngest son, Ussher, behind him in Ireland. At Toulouse Robert and Henry were educated, and here the future Abbé made a lifelong friend of a student compatriot, John Moylan, afterwards Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork. By Moylan's advice, Henry Edgeworth passed to Paris, where, from the College of the Trente-Trois, he attended lectures at the Sorbonne and the Collège de Navarre. When his education was finished he took orders, and went into residence at the Séminaire des Missions étrangères in the Rue du Bac, an institution for the education of Roman Catholic missionaries which dated from 1663. His first intention was the mission-field ; but from this he was dissuaded ; and thenceforth confined himself to his work in Paris, which lay chiefly among the English and Irish poor in his neighbourhood.

In 1766 his friend Moylan moved from Toulouse to Ireland. Moylan strove vainly to induce Edgeworth to accompany him, but with long residence in France the latter had lost touch with his native land ; and although Moylan went as far as to ask the Pope's permission to carry his fellow student back with him, he could not induce him to undertake the duties of an Irish rural priest. Three years later, in 1769, the elder Edgeworth died ; and his widow, with her daughter Betty and her sons Robert and Ussher—the second of whom had by this date joined the family in France—went back to Ireland. But her Protestant relatives proved so unfriendly that, promptly selling her property, she returned to France with her daughter. They

took up their abode with the Franciscan nuns in the Couvent des Récollets, not far from the Rue du Bac, and, consequently, in convenient proximity to the Abbé.

And here comes one of those seemingly barren biographical spaces to which reference has been made. From 1766 to 1789 the Abbé, like Goldsmith's village preacher, 'more skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise'—contented himself with his modest ministerial duties. For this he is his own authority. Writing to Moylan in July 1788, twenty-two years after the latter had left France, he says expressly that his position was precisely the same as it had been of old. Living in the same room in the same house, coming home at the same hours, he knew nobody whose life had changed less than his had done—an admission which should certainly have entitled him to all the advantages involved in Pascal's quietist doctrine that *tout le malheur des hommes vient de ne sçavoir pas se tenir en repos dans une chambre.* Opportunities of advancement had not been lacking; but his health was poor, and more than one illness fully justified him in speaking of his feeble constitution. Self-seeking, moreover, was foreign to his unpretentious disposition. Of public matters his letter says nothing; but there is a warning under-note in his closing lines. Though everything seemed quiet, he was fully aware that the conflict had begun, and that the issue was uncertain.

Twelve months later, on July 14, 1789, the taking of the Bastille inaugurated the atrocities which only terminated with the Terror. The nobility and the clergy were fleeing the country, and the King's second brother, the Count d'Artois, had already taken his inglorious departure. At this

juncture Edgeworth received a pressing invitation from his aunt, Miss Ussher of Galway (Mrs. Edgeworth's sister and a Roman Catholic), to come to Ireland as her chaplain. To this, however, as to another urgent appeal from his brothers, two years later, he turned a deaf ear. As already stated, he, rightly or wrongly, regarded himself as disqualified for service in Ireland, and held that his duty and destiny lay in France. There were, possibly, other reasons which led him to brave the storm. He was, naturally, not attracted to his Protestant relatives; nor, looking to their recent experiences, were his mother and sister, who wished to be near him at Paris. And in addition to his little flock, who were devoted to their pastor, he had become father-confessor to one or two court ladies, by whom he was held in high esteem. This it was that directly led to his connexion with the royal family of France. The sister of Louis XVI, the pious and amiable Princess Elizabeth, had lost her confessor, the Abbé Madier, who had gone to Italy with the King's aunts, Mesdames Adelaïde and Victoire. For a substitute the Princess applied to the Séminaire in the Rue du Bac, and, with the ready acquiescence of his clerical superior, Edgeworth was at once nominated to the post.

The Princess was delighted with her new spiritual guide. She had been assured that he was 'neither too severe nor too lenient'. She is 'quite content with him', she writes in March 1791. He 'possesses a profound knowledge of human nature'. Later on she speaks of him as 'a well-educated, broad-minded, gentle but firm director, who already knows me better than I know myself and will allow no backsliding'. In August of the same year, after the ill-planned and ill-fated flight to Varennes,

she is still of the same opinion. 'If I do not make any progress I shall know who is to blame,' she says. 'I have just had a long conversation with the Abbé,' in whom, beyond the qualities already enumerated, she discovers 'an engaging manner which invites confidence' and 'a very lovable disposition, which makes one long to imitate him'. She cannot look forward to the day when they must part—a remark implying that, as Miss Montagu suggests, notwithstanding the Varennes fiasco, she was still cherishing the vain hope of escaping from France. She trusts, however, 'that Providence, who has never abandoned me, will temper the wind to the shorn lamb'.[1]

It would have been interesting to contrast this 'roughly drawn' portrait, as its writer calls it, with some corresponding account on the Abbé's part of his illustrious penitent. This, however, is not forthcoming. From the flight to Varennes to the incarceration of the royal family in the Tuileries, either from caution or necessity, Edgeworth's letters are few and far between. But during their residence in the Tuileries he seems to have enjoyed an exceptional immunity from molestation. He was, indeed, cautioned to be careful in visiting the palace, but he went twice or thrice a week fearlessly in and out without the slightest attempt at secrecy or disguise—a temerity at which he himself was afterwards astonished, and could only attribute it to his ignorance of the risk he ran. As a matter of fact, he was literally taking his life in his hand.

On Monday, August 13, 1792, the King, his wife,

[1] Although the royal family of France were familiar with translations of the English Classics, it is not necessary to suppose that the princess was quoting from Sterne's Maria of Moulines. She had probably in mind Henri Estienne of the *Prémices*, 1594.

his sister, and his son and daughter entered the Temple as prisoners; and in the same month the Abbé's retreat in the Rue du Bac was suddenly subjected to a nocturnal domiciliary visit, of which he personally does not seem to have been the direct object. But his papers were hastily examined—a course highly critical, as he had many compromising letters, though they either escaped notice or were unintelligible to their ignorant inquisitors. One of his friends in the same building was not equally fortunate. A suspicious missive from Germany having been found in his possession, he was promptly carried to prison, where in brief space he was massacred by the Septembriseurs. This inroad made it clear that the Rue du Bac was no longer an asylum, and the Abbé set about the wholesale destruction of his records. Before his task was completed he was again invaded in force. Some hundred revolutionists appeared about midday and began a systematic, but fruitless, search for documents, though he was afterwards dismayed to find that they had actually handled, and thrown aside as negligible, an overlooked letter from the Count de Provence, who had quitted France on the night of Varennes. A later rumour, that the mob were meditating an attack on the Séminaire itself, left its inmates no choice but flight; and Edgeworth, in disguise, by back streets and devious ways, succeeded in reaching the Récollets, where, favoured by circumstances, he lay for several weeks in hiding.

With the massacres of September 1792 we come within measurable distance of the most important event in Edgeworth's life—namely, his final ministrations to Louis XVI, whose execution took place in January 1793. After leaving the Récollets the Abbé retired to Choisy-le-Roi, three leagues south

of Paris, on the left bank of the Seine. Here, under the name of Edgeworth, he passed successfully for a harmless and benevolent Englishman in reduced circumstances; but it is quite clear that he still communicated with Madame Elizabeth.[1] While at Choisy, shortly before Christmas, he received a mandate from the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr de Juigné, then an *émigré*, to take charge of the diocese during his absence. He was preparing to enter upon this vicarious and truly hazardous office when he was suddenly summoned to an interview with the venerable Lamoignon de Malesherbes, the King's counsel, hitherto unknown to him, who placed in his hands a letter from Louis XVI begging him, should the sentence of death be carried into effect, to give him his assistance in his last hours—a proposal to which Edgeworth of course assented. After some days' delay, on Sunday, January 20, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, Edgeworth received a peremptory order to attend before the Executive Council. Henceforth the story rests mainly on the first-hand narratives of Cléry, the King's valet at the Temple,[2] and that of Edgeworth himself, as written down for the benefit of his brother Ussher.[3] The Abbé was at once taken to the Tuileries, where the Council were in session. He found them in consternation. They eagerly clustered about him; and Garat, the Minister of

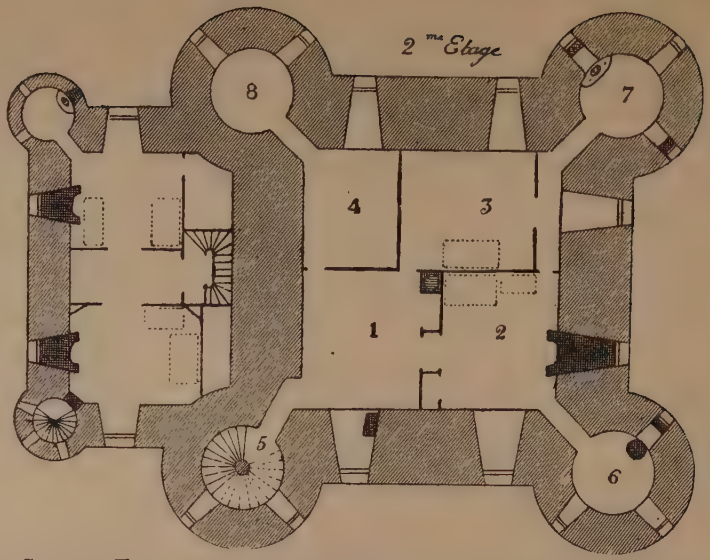
[1] Sneyd Edgeworth's *Memoirs*, 1815, pp. 112, 118.

[2] *Journal, &c., de Cléry*, London, 1798.

[3] There are versions of this in Sneyd Edgeworth's *Memoirs* (1815) in French and English; and there is a transcript of the French version by the Marquis de Sy in the MSS. Department of the British Museum to which it was presented in 1814. Our summary of this detailed document is based on Cléry, Edgeworth, Beaucourt, and Moleville, with some explanatory additions from other sources.

Justice and, for the time being, President of the Council, forthwith inquired whether he was prepared to undertake what was demanded of him. Edgeworth answered that as the King had desired it, and mentioned him by name, it was his duty to comply. Thereupon Garat carried him off to the Temple. Beyond a few conventionally compassionate words from the Minister, to which the Abbé was discreet enough not to respond, the journey was completed in silence. Edgeworth was in plain clothes, which he was directed to retain. Arrived at their destination, they were stopped at the barrier separating the court from the garden, and subjected to a rigorous preliminary inspection from which the Minister himself was not exempted. They then crossed the garden leading to the Tower (strictly Towers) of the Temple, where the prisoners were confined. After this, with much formidable unbolting and unbarring, they were admitted at the little, low and narrow door shown in Cléry's frontispiece, and ushered into a room crowded with the Commissaries specially charged with the custody of the captives. Garat read them his instructions, with the result that he was allowed to go up to the King, then located on the second floor of the greater Tower, to which he had been transferred in September 1792. Meanwhile, Edgeworth was left behind, opportunity being taken for searching him carefully from head to foot, to make sure that he had neither arms nor poison upon him. By the time this was effected, a message was received that Louis would see his confessor, who was thereupon conducted up the dark and winding turret staircase, garnished at intervals by wickets with ribald and half-drunken sentries, into the King's presence.

He found Louis standing in the centre of a group



SECOND FLOOR OF THE TOWERS OF THE TEMPLE, 1793 (from Cléry's *Journal*). 1. The Antechamber. 2. The King's room. 3. Cléry's room. 4. The Dining-room. 5. The turret-staircase. 6. The King's turret-chamber. 7 and 8. Remaining turret-chambers.

including Garat and several members of the Commune. He was calm, dignified, and even gracious—ostensibly much less perturbed than those about him. On Edgeworth's arrival he motioned them away, closing the door after them himself. The Abbé, overcome with emotion, fell at his feet; and Louis, long unaccustomed to manifestations of loyalty, was visibly affected. He helped Edgeworth to rise, and took him through his bedroom to the little unwarmed and scantily furnished turret-closet to which it led, where they were less likely to be overheard. Despite the awful prospects of the morrow, he was humanly eager for news from the outer world. His first act, however, pending the arrival of his family from the third story—permission for which had been conceded by the Executive Council—was to read his well-known will, drawn up in the preceding December, while he was still in doubt whether he would be allowed the services of a priest. He read it, not only once, but twice, in a firm voice, faltering only at the references to his family, but unshaken at mention of his own misfortunes. He asked subsequently for news as to the condition of the clergy, and especially of his own spiritual pastor, the Archbishop of Paris. A chance allusion to the Duke of Orleans led him to speak of that disloyal relative; but he did so more in sorrow than in anger, declaring that he would not change places with him. This *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the appearance of a Commissary announcing the advent of the royal family to take that final farewell which (pictorially) has been so much represented—and misrepresented.

The King at once started off, leaving Edgeworth by himself in the turret-closet. The interview took place in the contracted dining-room adjoining the

antechamber; and during a quarter of an hour the hysterical shrieks of the women were so piercing that they must have been audible through the walls of the tower, but by and by they subsided into exhausted undertones; and when the allotted period had expired, and the last heart-rending adieux had followed in the antechamber, the King returned to his confessor terribly agitated. Cléry persuaded him to eat some supper, which was a matter of a few minutes; and Edgeworth then proposed that arrangements should be made for administering the Holy Communion. The King hesitated, fearing to compromise his companion; but as the Abbé persisted, he allowed him to endeavour to obtain permission from the authorities on the spot. This was at first refused, but Edgeworth's personality, or pertinacity, eventually surmounted every objection; and on his written application, coupled with the express condition that the ceremony should be over by seven o'clock on the morrow at the latest, since at eight the King must start for the place of execution, the Commissaries consented to make the needful preparations.

It was past ten in the evening when Edgeworth returned to the King with this intelligence, which was received with the utmost satisfaction. They remained conversing together far into the night, by which time the King showed signs of fatigue, and the Abbé suggested that he should take some rest. He complied on the understanding that Edgeworth would do likewise, and Edgeworth therefore retired into Cléry's room, the fourth room on the floor, next to that of Louis. Utterly unnerved himself, he presently heard the King composedly giving Cléry his orders for the morrow. After this his Majesty slept until five, when he got

up and talked to Edgeworth for an hour. On leaving him, the Abbé found that the Commissaries had, with Cléry's aid,[1] scrupulously and, indeed, liberally fulfilled their part of the compact. An altar had been extemporized in the King's bedroom, furnished with vestments and vessels borrowed from the neighbouring chapel of the old Couvent des Capucins du Marais.[2] The King then heard Mass and communicated. Left for a short space to finish his prayers, Edgeworth later found him seated by the defective stove vainly endeavouring to warm himself, but mentally at ease.

By this time day was dawning, and drums were beating the *générale* all over Paris, freezing the blood in Edgeworth's veins. The King heard them unconcerned, only saying quietly, 'Apparently the national guards are beginning to assemble'. Pieces of artillery were rumbling to and fro, taking up the stations allotted to them in Santerre's programme. Outside the Tower the sound of officers' voices and the trampling of horses' hoofs showed that detachments of cavalry were filling the courtyard. The King had hoped to see his wife once more, and had, indeed, promised her to do so; but Edgeworth now urgently advised him not to expose her to an ordeal beyond her strength. 'You are right, sir,' he replied, 'it would give her her death-blow; it is better for me to deprive myself of this sad consolation, and to let her live on hope for a few moments longer.' From seven till eight they remained in the closet, the King himself replying to the numerous interrupters, anxious to assure themselves of his safe-keeping there. This he did with uniform restraint and patience, simply remarking to Edgeworth when

[1] Cléry, p. 229. [2] Ibid., p. 226.

one of them was more than usually obnoxious: 'See how these people treat me!' Referring, on another occasion, to their evident fear that he would make away with himself, he added: 'No! since it must be, I shall know how to die!'

At length the final summons came; and Santerre, accompanied by seven or eight municipal officers and ten soldiers, pressed into the bedroom. The King at once came out of his closet and, addressing Santerre, said to him, 'You are come for me?' 'Yes,' was the answer. The King desired him to wait a minute, and went back to Edgeworth for his blessing and prayers. Presently he returned, followed by the Abbé. Seeing his visitors wore their hats, he called for his own, which Cléry, in tears, immediately brought to him. He had in his hand his will, which he presented to a municipal officer, Jacques Roux, who was a little in advance of the rest, asking him to give it to the Queen—to his *wife*. Roux replied: 'It is no business of mine. I am here to conduct you to the scaffold'.[1] The King, acquiescing, then presented it to another municipal officer stationed permanently at the Temple, begging him to deliver it to the Queen, adding that he might read it, as there were things in it that he wished made known to the Commune. His Majesty subsequently addressed a few parting injunctions concerning Cléry to the municipal officers. As no one replied, he looked at Santerre and said, 'Let us go'.[2]

These were the last words he uttered in his Temple apartments. At the top of the stairs, in descending,

[1] Cf. Roux in Beaucourt, ii. 309; Cléry, pp. 237–8.

[2] 'Marchons,' says Edgeworth; 'Partons,' says Cléry; and this latter, Dallas, his first English translator, renders 'Lead on'—which is quite in the vein of Mr. Vincent Crummles.

he encountered Mathey, the concierge of the Tower, to whom, on the preceding Saturday, provoked by the man's unbearable insolence, he had spoken sharply. For this he now asked his pardon, bidding him kindly not to take it ill. Mathey, however, made no answer, and even affected to hold back from the King while he was speaking.[1] Louis then left the Tower on foot, turning round more than once in his progress to look at the gloomy structure which for five weary months had been his prison, and which still retained within its walls all that he held most dear. He was manifestly much affected, and struggling hard to collect his energies. At the exit gate of the Temple a closed carriage was waiting with two gendarmes. They opened the door, and entered the vehicle with the King and his companion, who sat by his side. Edgeworth had been told privately on the previous day that an effort would be made to rescue his Majesty at the scaffold. He had also heard (though this must have been after the event) that the gendarmes had orders to assassinate the King on the least indication of any popular movement in his favour. This he hesitated to believe ;[2] and, in any case, what was projected by the too sanguine conspirators was rendered futile by the far-reaching precautions of the vigilant Santerre. During the journey to the Place de la Révolution (late Place Louis XV), which lasted about two hours, the King, not being able to converse with the Abbé in the presence of the guards, was at first silent. The Abbé handed to him the only book he had with him, his breviary, indicating psalms proper to the occasion, which they repeated alternately. A troop of mounted gendarmes led

[1] Cléry, p. 239.

[2] But apparently it was true. (Beaucourt, i. 331.)

the van of the cortège; Santerre and the Mayor of Paris (Chambon) followed with the municipal officers. Next came three pieces of heavy ordnance, the gunners of which had their matches lit; and then the carriage. In front of the horses—according to Edgeworth—were stationed drummers, whose function it was to drown summarily any inopportune demonstrations.

By decree of the National Convention, the guillotine had been erected in the centre of the square, on a site facing the entrance to the Tuileries, between the avenue leading to the Champs Elysées and the pedestal occupied up to August 1792 by that butt of the epigrammatists, Bouchardon's bronze equestrian statue of his Majesty's grandfather. Here, shortly after ten, the carriage stopped in the space which had been cleared about the scaffold. This space was encircled by cannon; and beyond, as far as the eye could reach, the great enclosure was occupied with a multitude of armed spectators. The King whispered to his companion, 'We have arrived, unless I am mistaken'. An executioner came to open the door, and the gendarmes prepared to alight; but the King stopped them, saying in an authoritative tone, 'Messieurs, I commend this gentleman to you; take care that he receives no insult after my death. I charge you to look to this matter!'—an injunction to which no reply was at first vouchsafed, but, seeing that the King was about to repeat his words, an ironic assurance was roughly given that Edgeworth would be duly attended to.

The executioners next surrounded the King with intent to undress him; but he proudly forestalled their efforts by undoing his collar and opening his shirt. They then cut his hair. Their proposal to

tie his hands naturally made him indignant, and he protested, and would even have resisted; but, at the persuasion of Edgeworth, he submitted. His hands being tied—behind his back [1]—Edgeworth helped him up the steep steps to the scaffold; and from the difficulty experienced in mounting, began to fear that his courage was failing. But no sooner had the King reached the topmost step than he, as it were, escaped from his companion. Traversing the entire breadth of the scaffold with a firm tread, he silenced by a single glance the noisy drummers in front of him; and, in a voice loud enough to be plainly audible at the neighbouring Pont Tournant, began to declare that he died innocent of the crimes imputed to him; that he forgave the authors of his death, and that he prayed God the blood they were about to shed might never fall on France. He would have added more; but a mounted officer (Santerre), brandishing his sabre, rode furiously forward, and commanded the drummers to strike up again. Then, after a moment of hesitation, Sanson and his four *commis* closed relentlessly upon their pinioned victim and thrust him under the axe. . . .

Here, practically, finishes Edgeworth's story of the crowded eighteen hours between four o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, January 20, 1793, and twenty-two minutes past ten on Monday the 21st, during which he must have been in almost continuous attendance on Louis XVI.[2] It will be noted that Edgeworth makes no reference to the traditional 'Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven', with which, at the supreme moment, he is alleged to have bade farewell to the King. As a matter of fact, either

[1] Beaucourt, i. 355, 380; ii. 363.
[2] *Proeès-verbal* of the Execution, Beaucourt, ii. 307.

from diffidence or modesty, he was usually very reserved on this particular subject, protesting, when interrogated, that, in the tension and terror of the moment, he was not certain what he had said; and there were notoriously many variations besides the compact and popular version quoted above. This, no doubt, led to its being attributed to, or claimed by, others; and of late years it has been customary to assign the invention of the apostrophe to the younger Lacretelle, who 'half confessed' that he coined it *ad hoc* for a newspaper report. The matter, nevertheless, is far from being free from doubt, notwithstanding Louis Blanc's '*erreur historique*'. Madame Royale and several of Edgeworth's friends felt assured that he did utter something of the kind; and those who care to investigate minutely what may be an insoluble question, will do wisely to consult the lengthy Appendix to M. de Beaucourt's second volume, in which the pros and cons are impartially and exhaustively discussed.[1]

To return to Edgeworth himself. For a few seconds after the execution he seems to have knelt praying by the decapitated body. Then, profiting by the confused clamour of '*Vive la République!*' he hurriedly descended the scaffold-steps and made his way unopposed through the exulting crowd. Presently emerging from its straggling outskirts, he hastened to Malesherbes, for whom the King had given him a parting word. He found the old man in tears. Soon himself to suffer like his master, Malesherbes counselled Edgeworth to fly at once from Paris—even from France. But the Abbé was a fanatic of duty. He had still his deputed diocese and his office to the Princess Elizabeth, and his

[1] Beaucourt, ii. 353–69.

rigid rectitude taught him that he must wait. With a faithful servant, Louis Bousset, who never afterwards left him, he accordingly retired once more to Choisy.

For the next few years his life was that of an outlaw, in daily peril of denunciation and death. At Choisy he found refuge in the house of the Baron de la Lézardière, whose wife had been guillotined on the same day as Louis XVI. The baron lodged him in the poor lady's room, and here for three months he remained hidden. But he was destined to many moving accidents which can scarcely be recounted in detail. His danger was not small, for Hébert, the late King's own confessor, was guillotined in the following year. Edgeworth's head, too, was demanded by three of the Parisian clubs ; but as it was supposed that he had escaped to England, he thought himself safe, and even made several flying visits to his flock at Paris. One of his letters to the Archbishop, however, went astray, and fell into the hands of the Comité de Salut Public, with the result that some two hundred *sans-culottes* paid a visit to the Château de la Lézardière, and the Abbé had just time to burn his papers and decamp. Meanwhile his host and family were marched off to the capital to prison, only narrowly escaping murder on the road—to save their captors needless trouble. Happily, they were eventually released. In their absence the Abbé had gone back to the vacated château. But in brief space its occupants had notice of a fresh invasion ; and Edgeworth, flying precipitately, must have acquired the Shakespearean ' receipt of fern-seed ', since, with the aid of knotted hair and a civilian disguise of national blue, he actually contrived to pass on the road the very ruffians who

were in search of him. But although, notwithstanding this deliverance, he returned to Choisy, it was manifestly no longer a place of security; and after going to Paris to bid good-bye to his mother (whom he was never to see again), he moved to Montigny, near Pithiviers, where, under the name of Monsieur Essex, and as a friend of the family, he was warmly welcomed by the Comte Louis de Rochechouart. Here, however, his troubles speedily revived. An incautious letter to Madame Elizabeth was again intercepted by the Comité, and his arrest became imminent. The neighbourhood grew suspicious of the mysterious stranger, and secret well-wishers warned him to fly farther afield. He did, and went to Fontainebleau, making perilous passage to that then-sequestered district in a conveyance drawn by a horse that had never before been in harness. But now the decree enjoining the arrest of all foreigners rendered even Fontainebleau inhospitable; and once more he had to move. On the road to Rouen the diligence was raided by soldiery, and the Abbé, losing courage, grew tongue-tied with terror; but by the adroit self-possession of a servant whom Lézardière had sent to aid him in his flight, he succeeded in getting away, and eventually both he and his faithful Bousset reached the sleepy old cathedral city of Bayeux. Here, for a time, they seemed safe; and, being but five miles from the coast, access to England should have been feasible. But Edgeworth still considered himself bound by his office to the Princess Elizabeth; and while there was any chance of serving or saving her he could not make up his mind to leave the country. Therefore, exposed to many hazards, he remained at Bayeux, where he was joined by Lézardière, who by this date had lost nearly all

his family. It was at Bayeux that the Abbé, too, heard of the imprisonment of his sister and mother in the convent of the Austin nuns, where, it is supposed, Mrs. Edgeworth fell ill and died.[1] Then, in May 1794, following the execution of Marie-Antoinette in the preceding October, came the guillotining of the Princess Elizabeth; and the Abbé at last felt himself free to bid good-bye to France. But bidding good-bye to France, even with England in prospect, was no easy matter, although his brother Ussher and others freely supplied him with funds. Two years more elapsed before Edgeworth, after many perils and disappointments,[2] finally found himself landed from a fishing-boat on the little island of Saint Marcouf, then occupied by British troops. He was speedily passed on to England in a man-of-war, and in August 1796 arrived at Portsmouth. Next day he travelled to London and put up at the Sablonière Hotel, in Leicester Square—a favoured resort of foreigners, which had also the distinction of including Hogarth's old home.

Henceforth the chronicle of his career is plain-sailing enough. He paid a fleeting visit to Edinburgh to give the Princess's last messages to her favourite brother, the Count d'Artois, then practically interned at the northern Alsatia of Holyrood by

[1] According to a note in Alger's *Englishmen in the French Revolution*, 1889, p. 337, Elizabeth, or Betty Firmont (sister to the Abbé), was at the Austin Convent from February 23 to September 26, 1794. She was still living at Paris in 1799.

[2] He lived, 'forgotten and undisturbed', in Normandy for nearly three years, wrote Louis XVIII to Madame Royale, and then went over to England 'without any difficulty'. Either the illustrious epicure of Blankenburg must have misunderstood the situation, or (which is more probable) Edgeworth made light orally of his past dangers.

fear of his creditors.[1] After a week's absence he came back to London, where he was at once summoned to an interview with Pitt, and informed that King George III intended to grant him a pension for his services to his brother-monarch Louis XVI—a bounty which, looking to the destitute condition of many of the French *émigrés* then in this country, the Abbé did not then think himself warranted in taking. Concurrently, from the Governors of Maynooth College, at Moylan's suggestion, came an invitation to assume the presidency of that institution, which he also declined. Among other interesting incidents of his stay in the metropolis was a meeting at the Marquess of Buckingham's with his cousin, Maria Edgeworth, then about thirty, and as yet only the author of *Letters to Literary Ladies* and the three little volumes of the *Parent's Assistant*. She was hypnotized by her new-found relative, and declares in her memoirs [2] that she will never forget the short hours she spent in his society. The event, however, which at this date had perhaps the greatest effect on Edgeworth's coming proceedings, was a letter he received from that indefatigable producer of 'epistolary correspondence', Louis XVIII. It was dated September 19, 1796,[3] from his then pausing-place, Blankenburg, in Brunswick; and it exhorted Edgeworth, in the usual unctuous style (and doubtless for publication), to lose no time in compiling his projected (but never written) *Memoirs*, and in printing everything which his cloth did not forbid him to give to the world. Not long afterwards, circumstances carried the Abbé to Blankenburg itself, which brings us to

[1] Steuart's *Exiled Bourbons in Scotland*, 1908, pp. 27, 39–41.

[2] Montagu, p. 190.

[3] Beaucourt, i. 55.

ground already travelled on a previous occasion,[1] and authorizes an even more rapid survey of the rest of the story.

While Edgeworth was still lingering in London, and hesitating whether he should comply with his brother Ussher's appeal to him to settle permanently in Ireland, Mlle de la Lézardière arrived from France with urgent dispatches for Louis XVIII, which were to have been carried to Blankenburg by Mlle de la Lézardière's brother, but as he had already started, his sister begged the Abbé to undertake the duty. Borrowing a hundred pounds from a relative, Edgeworth accordingly started for Blankenburg, which he reached in the spring of 1797. Here, with ceremonious formality, he was welcomed by Louis XVIII, to whom he narrated his recollections of the tragedy of January 1793—recollections at which his Majesty wept copiously. This visit decided Edgeworth's future. In a few weeks the 'Abbé de Firmon', as the King called him, had become so indispensable to the little group of relations and refugees at the three-roomed Court at Blankenburg that he was offered, and felt himself constrained to accept, the office (unsalaried) of a Chaplain to the self-styled monarch. With him he proceeded to his next retreat at Mittau, in Courland; and at Mittau took part in the marriage of Madame Royale to her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême. In 1800, a year afterwards, he was sent by Louis to St. Petersburg to carry the Order of the Saint Esprit to Paul I, who gave him a pension and a handsome souvenir; and he subsequently accompanied the 'Comte de Lille' and his niece in their first miserable flight from Mittau, and with them

[1] 'The Early Years of Madame Royale,' *National Review*, February 1913, p. 954.

returned once more from Warsaw to Mittau in 1804. In 1805 he lost his income by the failure of the person to whom the proceeds of the sale of his Firmount property had been lent. To save the pocket of his impecunious royal master (who had never paid him a farthing), and actuated also by the necessities of others who were involved in the same catastrophe, he was induced to lay his case before Pitt, then nearing death.[1] He did so, simply and frankly, as was his wont; and an immediate response placed him in possession of an allowance that more than made up for the loss he had sustained.

This he did not long enjoy. In April 1807 there straggled through Mittau a forlorn train of French soldiers from the *Grande Armée*, who had been taken by the Russians. Way-worn and wounded, they were bound for the town prison. Some of their companions had died on the road, and those remaining were sick and destitute. The Abbé at once petitioned the King to let him go to their assistance. With the aid of Bousset, he nursed these unfortunate men night and day, but several of them succumbed. Presently hospital fever broke out, by which both Edgeworth and his devoted servant were attacked. Bousset, being young and strong, eventually recovered; but the Abbé's long trials had enfeebled a constitution never robust, and it was soon clear that he would not recover. Madame Royale, regardless of her danger, hastened to his bedside, tended him with her own hands, and watched by him continuously until his death on May 22, 1807. Tradition attributes to her a high-flown valediction, which (if she really uttered it) reads like a variation of the Abbé's much-contested farewell to her father in the Place de la Révolution. But it is quite

[1] He died January 23, 1806.

credible that, when expostulated with on her own account, she did, in effect, insist that if others feared contagion, nothing should prevent her from nursing, unaided, the noble and generous friend who had given up everything for her family. With her husband, the entire Court, and many of the inhabitants of Mittau, she followed on foot his simple funeral procession—a procession in which it was claimed that all creeds met together. Two months later, on July 29, a memorial service was held in the Roman Catholic Chapel in King Street, Portman Square, followed by an *oraison funèbre* from the Abbé de Bouvens; and 'classic Louis' composed a Latin epitaph.[1]

But such a life, such a death, require neither ornate epitaph nor funeral oration. Devout by nature, and retiring by temperament, Edgeworth, at the outset, had seemed to rank with those for whom the daily round, the 'common task', suffice; and who, neither changing nor seeking to change their allotted place, are contented to leave behind them the fragrant memory of a humble and unadvertised beneficence. This, at any rate, was his case for three-fourths of his career. Then the tragedy of 1793 lifted him suddenly to a position of perilous pre-eminence, and invested his latter years with an aura of sublimity. 'I am now here', he had written from Warsaw in 1804, 'bound to the most unfortunate family in the universe and quite determined to share their misfortunes to the very end.' He did so—with absolute fidelity. He belongs to the uncanonized Saints of self-sacrifice—the uncenotaphed Martyrs to duty.

[1] On Wednesday, January 21, 1920, a Mass was said in the crypt of the Cathedral of St. Denis in commemoration of Louis XVI.

A CASUAL CAUSERIE

In Prose and Verse

An Old-time Memento—*Tidying up*—*Dickens and La Bruyère*—Errata: An Eclogue—*A Dilatory Poet*—*Staircase-wit*—*A Disputed Maxim*—On Taking Pains—*Index-learning*—By Way of Preface—*Dictionary Readers*—*Johnsoniana*—Aura Popularis—For a Volume of Essays—*Pictures that Think*—Epigrams of the War—*The Citizen of the World*—*A Goldsmith Illustrator*—*Writing Oneself Down*—Re-reading—*Herder on Authorship*—To a Lady—*The Law of Restraint*—An Old Magazine—*What is a 'Conger?'*—'*A Dormitive to Bedward*'.

AN OLD-TIME MEMENTO

THERE lie before me two battered copper medals on which sundry burnished and irregular bosses serve to represent the half-dozen ships employed by 'EDWARD VERNON, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the Blue', in the taking of Portobello, 'according to plan'. This fortunate triumph over the 'whiskered Dons' occurred on November 22, 1739; and it is curious to note how its 'revival of British glory' seems to have caught on with the depressed lieges of George the Second. For a space, the Admiral's head (until it was supplanted by that of the hero of Culloden) figured on endless inns and posting-houses, and the story of Portobello became a household word. Fifteen years after date, in a corner of Hogarth's *Canvassing for Votes*, a barber and cobbler are still discussing the subject with the aid of a quart pot and some broken bits of tobacco pipe, much as Oglethorpe explained the Siege of Belgrade to Boswell and Johnson after dinner, or 'Lieutenant Esmond', in the Haymarket, *aliquo mero*, made Blenheim a reality for Messrs. Addison and Steele. When John Howard went a-touring in the prisons, he found the game of 'portobello' as favourite a recreation with the convicts he visited as skittles or mississippi; and it is also notable that at a feast given in London to celebrate Vernon's victory, Henry Carey first sang 'God Save the King'. Finally, the name of Portobello survived for many years on a long-existent tavern in St. Martin's Lane, a few doors north of the church, and not unknown to George Borrow. For the original sign of this (amateurs please note !)

Hogarth's friend, Peter Monamy, the marine-painter, made a popular picture of Vernon's flagship, the *Burford.*

TIDYING UP

Among the little miseries of book life is the unaccountable (and exasperating) disappearance of some volume on which, as it chances, you are engaged, and which you have observingly enriched with *marginalia.* It is possible your working books are not methodically arranged ; but, at all events, they are not absolutely strewn in ' nests ' about the floor, as were those of the ' unparalleled Peiresc ', or stacked away in fireplaces and up chimneys, like the unconsidered purchases of a recently-deceased patron of the second-hand booksellers. Yet, in some spring-cleaning overturn, or pitiless ' tidying-up ' by the neat-handed but indiscriminate hand-maid of the moment, your treasure has gone—and apparently gone beyond recall. There is nothing for it but to borrow a circulating-library copy, which will, of course, be *en lecture* ; or to advertise through some authorized channel—of necessity a matter of time. And, as sayeth Hippocrates unanswerably, and, indeed, obviously, ' Life is short.' . . . Here, fortunately, one is generally interrupted by a welcome feminine voice : ' Is not this the little old book you were asking for ? We found it on the shelf in the back-room, between the *Cook's Oracle* and the *Whole Duty of Man.* I believe Martha puts all works of a size together ! ' Precisely. That is Martha's reading of the law of order.

DICKENS AND LA BRUYÈRE

'ANNUAL income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery.' I always thought this prudential proposition was the exclusive property of our old friend Wilkins Micawber (*David Copperfield*, chap. xii). But it is plain now that it must have been what Piron would have called a '*vol d'avance*' by an earlier writer. Listen to La Bruyère. '*Celui-là est riche qui reçoit plus qu'il ne consume ; celui-là est pauvre dont la dépense excède la recette.*' That I am not the Columbus of this coincidence I cheerfully confess ; it is borrowed from Mr. EDMUND GOSSE'S *Three French Moralists*, 1918, p. 93.

ERRATA : AN ECLOGUE

Author

THIS text is not what it should be.
There are some strange mistakes I see
I must have missed. For who, right-witted,
Would dream of putting 'filled' for 'fitted'?
Or 'light' for 'tight'? Or 'sleep' for 'steep'?
—Such things would make the angels weep.

Publisher

That is so. Still they *do* occur
To the most proved artificer.
You must have failed to cross your 't's':
GENIUS is prone to that disease!

Author

True. (And sometimes, by accident,
The blunder betters what was meant!)

But tell me. What is my position ?
Correction ? In a new edition ?
—Those ' new editions ' have a knack,
Unluckily, of holding back. . . .

Publisher

That is because men take more pains
To feed their bodies than their brains ;
Or else because they really care
For little save the lighter fare ;
And then—though this is poor relief—
The life of modern books is brief.
—We'll paste in an ' *Errata* ' slip. . . .

Author

Which none will look at but to skip.
No : the misfortune must be gulped,
Until the masterpiece is . . . pulped !

A DILATORY POET

Touching blunders which better the meaning, the *locus classicus* is Malherbe's verses on Mlle du Périer. The original ' copy ' ran :

' *Et Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses,*
L'espace d'un matin.'

The printer put : ' *Et rose, elle a vécu,*' &c., and made the lines—to French taste—imperishable. Hard-hearted biography, however, has insisted that the lady's name was Marguerite ; and the story is probably apocryphal. But it is surely piquant that it should be related of the most fastidious of word-smiths. Malherbe, it is said, would use half a ream of paper in polishing a stanza ; and once undertook to console the President de Verdun for

the death of his wife. But by the time the promised ode was finished, the President, having punctiliously performed the prescribed period of mourning, had not only married again but departed this life. The poet had obviously been tardy in his deep-drawn 'melodious tear'!

STAIRCASE-WIT

If you fail to understand a joke within twenty-four hours, your symptoms indicate sluggish apprehension; if ten days should elapse, and you are still in the dark, you require professional aid. But your case is not beyond hope. As Isaac d'Israeli is careful to point out, slow-mindedness does not, of necessity, mean dullness. In this connexion he cites the Jansenist Nicole, who said of a more ready rival, 'He vanquishes me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion on the stairs'. (*The Literary Character*, ed. 1839, p. 136.) This is what the French call '*l'esprit de l'escalier*'.

A DISPUTED MAXIM

One of the most acrid (and certainly most familiar) distillations of La Rochefoucauld's axiom-alembic is the famous '*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas*'. (*Maximes*, 1665, No. 99.) Swift, though taking this at its face value as 'too base for human breast', nevertheless paraphrased it (not very happily) as the text of his wonderful verses on his own death. Chesterfield, however, professes to defend it literally in a letter to his son of September 5, 1748. 'And why not?' asks his lordship ingenuously. 'Why may I not feel a very

tender and real concern for the misfortune of my friend, and yet at the same time feel a pleasing consciousness at having discharged my duty to him, by comforting and assisting him to the utmost of my power in that misfortune ? ' The best answer to this insidious sophistry is that La Rochefoucauld, probably under the mellowing influence of Mme de La Fayette, suppressed this particular utterance in his later editions. But it has taken rank, not the less, as an ' *irrevocabile verbum* '.

ON TAKING PAINS

' Perfection is not a trifle '
MICHAEL ANGELO.

'Tis sheer fatuity to spend your time
In fitting furbelows to toys of rhyme ;
But—if you must—be sure your verses scan,
And make your work as faultless as you can.

INDEX-LEARNING

AMONG the short cuts adopted by would-be ' scholars and wits ', who seek to escape ' the fatigue of reading or of thinking ', Swift (*Tale of a Tub*, Section VII) sardonically includes ' A thorough insight into the index by which the whole book is governed and turned '. Nevertheless, Index-learning, as the Dean's friend, Pope, seems to admit (*Dunciad*, I, 279), has its advantages. It undoubtedly ' holds the eel of science by the tail '. Despise it, if you will ; but meanwhile, as an alterative, take occasional brisk (and profitless) exercise in an uncatalogued library ! Many good books call urgently for this helpful clue to their unplumbed contents ; and to leave them without

it is to deserve the '*peine infamante*' of La Bruyère.

(N.B.—Theoretically, the best person to prepare the index to a book is the author. But, in practice, he is often the worst !)

BY WAY OF PREFACE

(*A Reverie*)

'*Hoc opus, hic labor est.*'

'A PREFACE ?' Yes. It might be well,
If it could make the volume sell.
But 'tis a thing one may misuse.

For think—'twixt 'Qui s'excuse, s'accuse,'
And the temptation to explain
Where explanation must be vain ;
Where everything you try to say
But seems to give yourself away ;
And though you pause on every letter,
Suggests that silence would be better—
The feat is surely one for those
Who deal with jugglery in prose,
And, often, leads to little more
Than simply blocking up the door.

Moreover, there are complications.
If you admit your limitations,
Review your lapses, or refine them,
The Critic can but underline them,
And, to your indiscreet confessing,
Respond by blandly acquiescing,
As he, of course, is free to do
(In his place you would do it too !).

Thus, by the give-and-take of war,
You merely hoist with your petar ;
In other words, for all your candour,
Get nothing but a neat back-hander !

No. On the whole, 'twere surely best
To let a risky matter rest ;
And, in default of special pleader,
Refer the ruling . . . to the Reader !

DICTIONARY READERS

It is easy to speak disparagingly of what does not appeal to us ; and I confess to have formerly sympathized with the matter-of-fact matron who complained that, in dictionary reading, she found the story somewhat disconnected. The practice, nevertheless, has its votaries, even among the *sommités littéraires.* I knew, of course, from Mrs. Sutherland Orr that Browning enlarged his poetic vocabulary by a diligent study of Johnson ; but I regarded this as the inevitable and negligible exception to the rule. I now discover—on the unimpeachable authority of Lord Rosebery—that Chatham boasted he had been twice through Bailey, and can only say I trust it was not the *folio* of 1736, with which I have a respectful bowing acquaintance. On equally good evidence, I also find that Ruskin assured the late Sir James Murray that he read the first part of the *Oxford English Dictionary* from beginning to end. (His subsequent explorations are unreported.) 'R. L. S.', too, seems seriously to have advocated the occasional perusal of dictionaries by writers in order to enable them to 'weave into the tissue of their language fresh and forgotten strands' ; and this penitential practice, though not

for the same purpose, must have been the habit of that eminent historian of civilization, H. T. Buckle, of whom it is pleasantly reported that, returning a book which had been submitted to him, he cheerfully declared that it was one of the few dictionaries he had *read through* with any enjoyment! This, however, may be a mere *coq-à-l'âne*. In any case, these are by no means exemplars to be neglected. (Some of the foregoing particulars are borrowed—with apologies—from *The Periodical*, vol. iii, No. 53, p. 46.)

JOHNSONIANA

(Being things Dr. Johnson *might* have said if his speech could have been enriched by some of our popular war-words.)

To Sir John Hawkins, Kt.:

'Sir, I perceive objection is your *objective*. But contradiction is not argument.'

To Fanny Burney (who coloured readily):

'Make yourself easy, my dear little Burney. Your blushes do you credit. Nature disdains a *camouflage*.'

Of Mr. Seward:

'Seward is hypochondriacal. We must *sterilize* him, or he will infect us.'

To Edward Cave:

'Sir, the book is fundamentally bad. The whole impression should be *scrapped*.'

To James Boswell, Esq. (who has posted himself behind Johnson's chair to take notes):

'What is all this, Sir? Go back at once to your *dug-out*—at the bottom of the table.'

To Oliver Goldsmith :

'You and I, Doctor, must contrive to think clearly. We must *standardize* our ideas.'

To a Mixed Audience (after talking by himself for a quarter of an hour) :

'This discussion has *submerged* us. We must get to the *periscope*, and find out where we are !'

To Mrs. Thrale (at Streatham) :

'Do you know how Farmer *Catchcrop* has named his twins ?' (With a rhinoceros laugh.) 'He has called them *Zeppelina* and *Submarina*.'[1]

AURA POPULARIS

'*La Popularité ? C'est la gloire en gros sous.*'
Don Salluste in Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, iii, 5.

The standard of praise is when true judges join;
But the cry of the crowd is renown in base coin.

FOR A VOLUME OF ESSAYS

Here, with little variation,
Comes another 'cold collation'.

Naught, indeed, the taste to tickle—
Coan lees, or roes in pickle ;
No comparison between a
Severn lamprey and muraena ;
Nothing to derange the peptics
Of the scholars or the sceptics—
Only useful antiseptics !

[1] 'To celebrate Peace Week, twins who were born at Bridgend, Glamorganshire, this week, have been named Pax Victorious Lloyd and Victorious Pax Lloyd.' (*The Times*, July 19, 1919.)

Naught for Bacchus, naught for Venus—
Nothing that Nasidienus [1]
Howsoever at a loss for
Novelty, could find a sauce for ;
Naught, in truth, to please the palate
Save the dressing of the sallet !

If you care for such-like dishes,
Take it — with my best good wishes !

PICTURES THAT THINK

Both Lamb and Fielding refer to pictures that think. Pictures that *speak* is intelligible as an accepted if exaggerated commonplace, and no doubt many artists, old and new, are wonderfully skilful in reproducing the conventional contortions which accompany violent emotions. But ' pictures that *think?* ' Of how many can it be said that they really suggest this required mental condition ? A clever critic once observed of a popular novelist that few writers had better painted the inside of certain characters—adding *pre*cautiously ' so far as there is any inside '. It can scarcely be that ' insides ' are extinct ; but, for the moment, I can recall but one example of a ' thinking picture ', and that, in all probability, only because a print of it hangs close at hand. It is Meissonier's *Lecture chez Diderot.* Diderot is reading one of his *Salons* to a group of his friends, whose attitudes, deferential, judicial, amused or indifferent, are admirably diversified and discriminated. One can almost hear the mechanical drum-tap of the reader's fore-finger on the table as he rounds off his measured periods. But there is more behind. His auditors

[1] Hor. *Sat.* ii. 8 *Ut Nasidieni.*

are not merely 'at attention' they are attending, and the two central personages surely exhibit the prescribed quality at its best. It would, I fancy, be difficult to give a better outward idea of an intellectual effort than Meissonier has contrived to convey into these most intent and intelligent faces. (The original picture, painted in 1859, is in the Rothschild Collection at Paris.)

EPIGRAMS OF THE WAR

Daylight-saving

MEN change the Hour, but not the Dial;
That stands the test of every trial;
For, happily, not e'en the Hun
Can hope to terrorize the sun.

The Gourmand's Lament

The reason is not far to seek
  Why Life has little zest:
'Tis 'Meatless Day' two days a week,
  And 'Eat less' all the rest!

Food-control

The balanced mind is ne'er at strife
With merely minor ills of life:
The only wrong it really feels
Is the suppression of its meals!

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

BACON, in his thirteenth *Essay* ('Of Goodnesse', &c.) writes: 'If a Man be Gracious and Curteous to Strangers, it shewes he is a Citizen of the World'. I once thought Goldsmith must have taken the title of his reprinted *Chinese Letters* from this;

but I see he need not have gone so far afield. For the expression is to be found in Addison's *Spectator*, No. 69, on the Royal Exchange: 'I . . . fancy my self like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what Country-man he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World'—the 'old Philosopher' referred to being Diogenes the Cynic. Goldsmith, however, may well have had neither Bacon nor Addison in mind, for in Lien Chi Altangi's Letter XXIII he quotes the words as if they were in common use.

A GOLDSMITH ILLUSTRATOR

THE name of Goldsmith naturally recalls that of one of the most successful of his illustrators, HUGH THOMSON, whose premature death, at fifty-nine, has recently been recorded (May, 1920). I had the privilege of his friendship for more than five-and-thirty years; and our intercourse, often interrupted by circumstance, was never broken or clouded. One of his recent eighteenth-century silhouettes represented Goldsmith issuing, in florid full-dress, from Mr. Filby's shop at the 'Harrow' in Water-lane; and when we last met, a few months ago, he quitted me with the intention of bringing some fresh examples of his skill in this kind on his next visit—which, alas! was never to be. Again, one of his tail-pieces for the *Vicar of Wakefield*, 1890, was a pen-and-ink sketch of Goldsmith's favourite chair and cane, now in the South Kensington Museum—a sketch which I still preserve, carefully pasted in William Hawes's *Account of the Late Dr. Goldsmith's Illness*, 1774.

Mr. Thomson was, in truth, one of the most delightful artists of our day—a genuine humorist

and a book-illustrator of infinite resource and variety. He was extremely attentive to locality and costume; and, as stated in *The Times*, had 'a happy talent for drawing people in eighteenth-century clothes as if they were not at a fancy dress ball'. But he was far too original to be classed as a book-illustrator alone; and, for my part, I admired him most when he was most exclusively and unmistakably himself. I feel sure he was always at ease when he could escape from the restrictions of an unstimulating text into the freakish freedom of a chapter-heading, or a dainty *cul-de-lampe*, in which he could exhibit a ghostly chairman inviting a ghostly fine lady to the crazy covert of a tumble-down Sedan, or find pretext for some of those exquisite 'bits of scenery' (from Wimbledon Common) in which sagacious criticism at once discovered the authentic environment of *Cranford*. He possessed Hogarth's sense of the dramatic significance of detail; and his unchartered fancy was a bank where he had, apparently, an irreducible balance. Many of his performances in this way are little masterpieces of playful finesse. Of the colour-work of his latter days (when colour-work became the fashion); of his beautiful book-covers; and of his admirable efforts as a topographer and landscapist in the 'Highways and Byways' series, others, with larger opportunities, may be left to speak. But to what I have said elsewhere [1] I may add that, in whatever he did, he laboured, as Carlyle enjoined, 'in the spirit of the Artist', and whether the occasion were great or small, conscientiously gave his whole powers to his task.

Of his attractive personality I may here do no more than add a few salient traits. He was a most

[1] *De Libris*, 1911, p. 109.

agreeable and exhilarating companion—an excellent talker and an attentive listener. His letters were charming; and when he commended what he liked, he had the fortunate faculty of adding some touch of sympathetic insight which lifted his words above the level of formal compliment. He was 'modest exceedingly'; but his modesty was unfeigned, not a mere affectation or a professional attitude. He was a truly loyal and affectionate friend. Mindful of the liberty of others and of his own dignity—he fully realized Livy's definition of a gentleman His place, to those who knew him, can never be filled.

WRITING ONESELF DOWN

Bentley was apparently the first to put this idea into circulation. When Dr. Sprat (Bishop of Rochester) met him in the *Phalaris* days, *circa* 1697, he bade him not be discouraged by the attacks on 'that noble piece of criticism (the *Answer* to the Oxford Writers)'. Bentley replied: 'Indeed, Dr. S., I am in no pain about the matter. For I hold it as certain, that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.' (Birkbeck Hill, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 1887, v, 274 n.) In the *Free-Holder* for May 7, 1716, Addison says: 'There is not a more melancholy Object in the Learned World than a Man who has written himself down;' and he goes on to suggest that his Friends and Relations should 'keep him from the use of Pen, Ink and Paper, if he is not to be reclaimed by any other Methods'. A modification of this passage was employed by Thomas Edwards as the epigraph to those excellent *Canons of Criticism* in which he dissected Warburton's egregious emendations of

Shakespeare. It may be added that Johnson quoted Bentley approvingly to Boswell at Skye in October 1773. (*Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, 2nd ed., 1785, p. 338.)

RE-READING

'*À mon âge je ne lis plus, je relis.*'
ROYER COLLARD.

THIS is my case. Grown grey and slow,
I choose clear type and larger letter;
And if my book be one I know
And liked before—so much the better!

That man I hold in high respect—
A true philosopher and bold one—
Who said 'Your new book I neglect,
And take, with confidence, an old one!'

HERDER ON AUTHORSHIP

'WITH the greatest possible solicitude avoid authorship. Too early or immoderately employed, it makes the head waste and the heart empty; even were there no other worse consequences. A person who reads only to print, in all probability reads amiss; and he who sends away through the pen and the press every thought, the moment it occurs to him, will in a short time have sent all away, and will become a mere journeyman of the printing-office, a compositor.'[1] With the original German of this passage, translated as above in a note, Coleridge concludes Chapter xl of the *Biographia Literaria*. The chapter is headed, 'An affectionate exhortation to those who in early

[1] J. G. v. Herder, 1744–1803.

life feel themselves disposed to become authors'; and its beginning, middle, and end converge (he says) to one charge: '*Never pursue literature as a trade*'. It is curious that this monition should have been prompted by Laureate Whitehead's *Charge to the Poets*, 1762, which contains the couplet:

> 'If Nature prompts you, or if friends persuade,
> Why write, but ne'er pursue it as a trade';

and further inculcates the choice of some soberer province as a business:

> 'Be that your helmet, and your plume the Muse'

—words which find their counterpart in Coleridge's: 'Be not *merely* a man of letters! Let literature be an honourable *augmentation* to your arms, but not constitute the coat, or fill the escutcheon!' 'Few fortunes have been raised by lofty rhime,' writes Whitehead subsequently; and the words were confirmed of Coleridge himself in one of his latest letters. 'I have worked hard, very hard, for the last years of my life, but from Literature I cannot gain even *bread*.' (Dykes Campbell's *Life*, 1894, p. 240.) With this lamentable utterance may be compared the equally significant statement of Robert Browning, drawn up March 23, 1880, nine years before his death, in answer to the tax-collector who had applied to him for particulars as to his profits from literature. Among other things, he says that he had worked his hardest for 'almost fifty years with no regard to money'. The long letter containing this remarkable admission was printed in the *Daily Chronicle* for April 28, 1913.

TO A LADY

THAT was a mournful man who said—
'*Speak well of me when I am dead*',
For one may fairly those forgive
Who like their laurels while they live . . .
Because I take this saner view,
I send my book of songs to You.

THE LAW OF RESTRAINT

'*Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.*'
VOLTAIRE, *VI^e Discours sur l'Homme*, 172.

A SUCCESS or a failure may lie in a touch;
But the sure way to tedium is saying too much!

AN OLD MAGAZINE[1]

'*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse.*'

WHEN first we issued from the Press,
In days less strenuous and prolific,
The folks who bought us could not guess
That we should serve for soporific.

The small-paned shop where we were sold,
Down a blind-alley in the City,
Where friendly Bookmen met of old,
Is now no more—and more 's the pity!

That was the Age of Auction Sales,
When lives of Books were somewhat longer;
Our sign-board was *The Crab and Scales*,
And he that 'kept' there, was a Conger—

[1] A tattered number is supposed to speak.

Our Publisher—a man of might
(As large as *Johnson* was, and louder),
Who planned new things from morn to night,
And owned a famous Fever Powder.

We scored at first. We took high ground,
Preached *Aristotle* from our garret,
Called *Gray* ' remote ' and *Locke* ' unsound ',
And gave strange plates of plant and parrot ;

Our *Rebuses* were reckoned neat,
Our *Logogriphs* were much debated ;
Our note, in Ethics, was ' discreet ',
In Politics, 'twas ' plainly stated '.

We had our views. In Art and Song
We were—above all—patriotic ;
We hated the imported throng
Of Fiddlers, Singers, Cooks exotic. . . .

Then matters changed. Our foremost Bard
(Later a copious rhetorician)
Found *crambo*-rhyming far too hard,
And ' odes Pindarick ', not his mission ;

Our Fictionist, whose ' High-Life ' page
Failed to provide the funds he needed,
Threw up his post for ' living wage ',
And as a ' Pen-cutter ' succeeded ;

The cunning Artist, too, that drew
Our stage *Roxana* and *Statira*,
Flamed out in *folio* with a new
(Subscription) *Ruins of Palmyra*,

Which he set off to visit. Next
Our Essayist, the kind, the gentle,
Whose wayward Humour never vexed,
Whose Wit was never detrimental,

Fell sick and died. Then came a day,
Day to be draped with black, and banished!
When all our sales had ebbed away,
And what we had of vogue, had vanished—

When, by some stroke of Fate concealed
(Or stress of butcher and of baker),
Our stock-in-trade entire was wheeled
To 'Mr. *Pastem*, the Trunk Maker!'

* * * * * *

Such is our mournful history!
You'll need some tranquillizing slumber.
I offer it. 'Times change, and we' . . .
I am a genuine Back-Number!

WHAT IS A 'CONGER'?

WHAT is a 'Conger'? a friend asks, on reading the above. Bailey's definition (1736) is, at least, straightforward. He says it is 'a Society of Booksellers . . . who unite into a Sort of Company or contribute a joint Stock for the printing of Books'. Here the expression is used as, according to Webster, it is occasionally used, to denote a member of such a body. The source of the term is obscure. Bailey derives it (hardly seriously) from the great sea-eel which eats the smaller fry; but it comes, more plausibly, from the French *congrés*, or the Latin *congeries*, signifying the confederation of names which cluster so freely on Eighteenth-Century title-pages. *Pamela* was a Conger book; so again was Johnson's *Dictionary*.[1] The title 'Pen-cutter', perhaps, also requires elucidation. 'Pen-cutting' was a definite eighteenth-century calling in the days when bundles of neatly-cut quills were to be found

[1] Cf. *The Publishing Family of Rivington*, 1919.

in every stationer's shop. Moses Browne, sometime Vicar of Olney, and early editor of Walton's *Angler*, was, originally, a Clerkenwell Pen-cutter; and a certain John Duick acted in that capacity to Edward Cave of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. 'Mr. *Pastem*, the Trunk-maker,' comes direct from Hogarth.

'A DORMITIVE TO BEDWARD'

'SITTING with Madame D'Arblay some weeks before she died, I said to her, "Do you remember those lines of Mrs. Barbauld's *Life* which I once repeated to you?" "Remember them!" she replied; "I repeat them to myself every night before I go to sleep."' (*Table Talk of Samuel Rogers*, 1856, pp. 179–80.) They are as follows:

> Life! We've been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
> 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
> Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
> —Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time,
> Say not Good-Night—but in some brighter clime
> Bid me Good-Morning.

From the *Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson* (1869, vol. i, pp. 226–7) we also learn that he recited the same lines to his sister on her death-bed; and subsequently, by request, to Wordsworth in his sitting-room at Rydal. Wordsworth got them by heart; and Robinson heard him muttering to himself as he paced to and fro that he wished he had written them. They are the conclusion of a longer poem.

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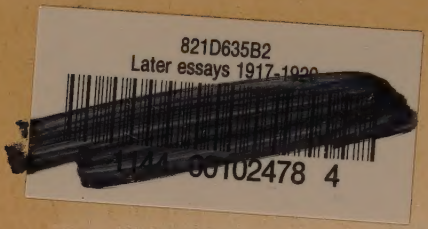
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